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EVE'S WEEKLY

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A YOUNG
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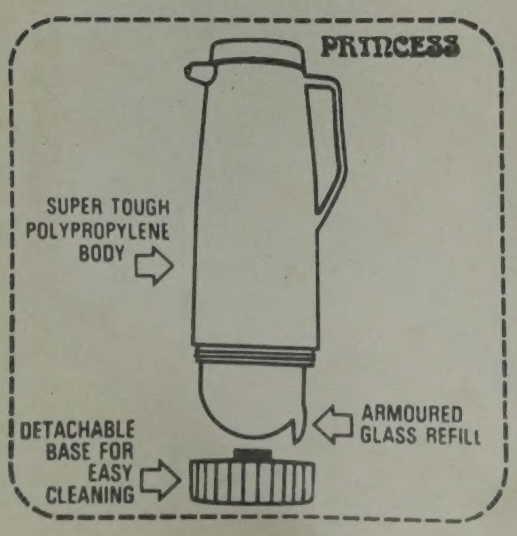

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Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIV NO. 22 BOMBAY MAY 31 — JUNE 6, 1980

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THIS WEEK

THE NORTH-SOUTH DILEMMA

The eternal controversy over who's better than whom shows no signs of abating, after more than three decades of independence as a nation. So, North is North and South is South — the question is : will the twain ever meet?

Page 10.

VOICES OF ANGUISH

A new generation of Dalit women poets demands human rights for their people, particularly the women, who bear a double burden.

Page 14.

AFTER '79, WHAT?

A solitary year will not solve all the problems of Asia's children. What will the future bring for them?

Page 24.

REDEFINING HONESTY

Do standards of honesty need to be redefined to be practical in the context of today's world? One person at least certainly thinks so.

Page 42.

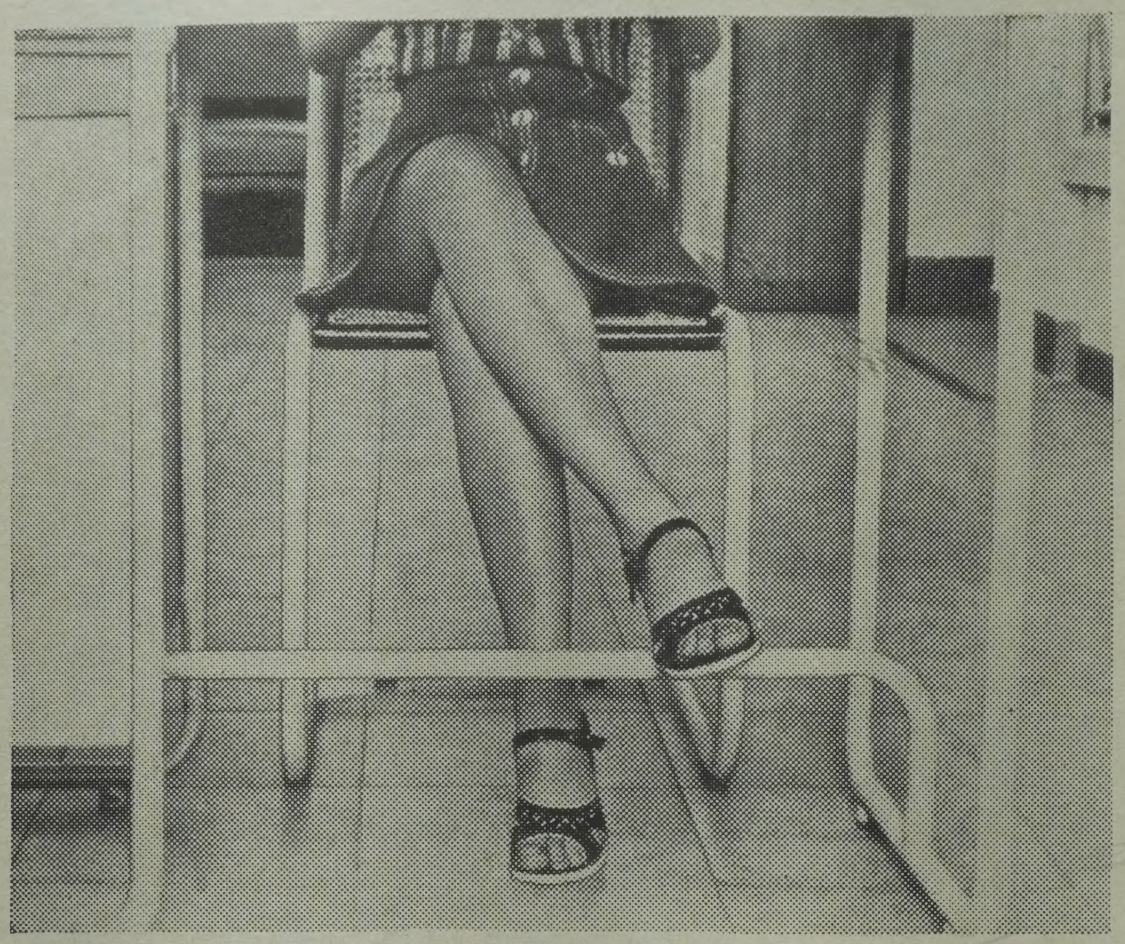
ALSO

Sand Paintings : Another beautiful legacy from Japan — **Page 19** Eve Today: Jyotirmoyee Devi — **Page 21** Film Interview: Vinod Khanna — **Page 23** Women in Focus: Gitaben Shah — **Page 28** Artist of the Month: Nalini Malani — **Page 29** Young Viewpoint: A report on Bombay University's compulsory attendance controversy — **Page 37** Women and Grain Storage — **Page 44** Human Interest Story — **Page 45.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Beauty/**13**, Comics/**22**, Fashion/**26**, Heart to Heart/**28**, Cookery/**30**, People Known & Unknown/**35**, Short Story/**38**, Frankly Speaking/**47**, People & Events/**48**, Horoscope/**50.**

Bata starts the trend that takes away tiredness



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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

UNSAFE FOR WOMEN

'Where women are adored, there Gods are pleased' said Manu the Law-giver. Bhagavata observes that a society is deemed civilised where women are safe. And in this country women were held in high esteem as Adishakti and the Mother supreme. Today, despite all these noble sentiments, all the talk of liberation, in this land we are witnesssing unthinkable crimes being committed against woman in every walk of life.

She is teased as a girl, raped as a young woman, beaten as a housewife and discarded in her old age as a burden. She is used in the name of romance, as a prostitute at the beck and call of men. There are innumerable cases of harassment because of dowry, unaccountable instances of pernicious eve-teasing and wife-beating. Worst of all is the insecurity she faces in public life, the constant threat to her chastity. Molestation and rape have become alarmingly frequent and the culprits usually escape because of loopholes in the law. Take the case of Mathura: the law of the land said that 'it was a peaceful affair' and closed the case.

What every woman today desires, in this land, is institutional safeguards against crimes perpetrated: a stringent law against eve-teasers, rapists and humiliators. She should be made legally strong to offset her physical weakness and should be made self-sufficient against social and economic exploitation. The permissive society of man should not be allowed to use her as a mere sex object in the media.

MRS. RATHNA MURTHY, Bangalore.

No doubt about it, insecurity now envelops the country. Women have become special targets — at home and on the streets. Criminals are getting away with murder. In any country, the law and order situation is of prime importance and the Government must sit up and take notice of what is happening.

2nd PRIZE

CENSURING A CHILD

The shocking incident of the suicide by a 13-year-old schoolgirl, studying in a local girls' school, highlights, once again, the mental and emotional problems of schoolchildren. (Reportedly, an average of 1,000 children in the age-group of 3-15 years are being annually admitted to the National Institute of Mental Health in Bangalore, due to psychological stress suffered in school). The reason for the young girl's act of desperation is said to be extremely disproportionate and cruel punishment for some petty theft. The girl is reported to have taken home an old calendar from the school. On being questioned the next day, she admitted having taken it, and returned it to the school. However, instead of letting her off with a light reprimand, the authorities made her write: "I am a thief" on a placard, in Tamil (the school is a Tamil-medium convent), and made her walk on her knees around the playground where the whole school was assembled, holding it aloft. She was also made to walk from classroom to classroom, displaying the placard. Deeply humiliated, and driven to the grey edge of endurance by this inhuman treatment, she decided to take this extreme step. Ironically, it was nuns, the so-called Sisters of Mercy, who drove her to this step. Surely punishment for any crime, particularly for school children, should be more corrective than vindictive?

INDU K. MALLAH, Tamil Nadu

If the girl took this drastic step because of the humiliation, it is, indeed, a blot on the school that meted out this extreme punishment. However, we would not want to jump to hasty conclusions. The fact remains, though, that this kind of punishment is all wrong — children are tender and sensitive and deserve more humane treatment.

3rd PRIZE

THE SHORT AND THE LONG

Recently, among our relatives, there was a family looking for a bride for their only son — technically qualified and decently employed, but a bit shorter than the average male. More than anything else, the family including the son, was known to be a considerate, understanding one. All they expected was a tall bride, hoping that at least the next generation would be a bit taller. But let alone a girl taller than the boy, even a girl of equal height was not prepared to marry him. Uitimately they had to settle for a girl shorter than him.

Another girl who herself is taller than average not only refuses to marry a boy of her own height, she even specifies by how many inches the boy should be taller! And it is very common for girls to refuse to marry a boy who has one academic degree less than them, even though he may be earning well.

We usually blame male chauvinism for the obnoxious idea that wife should be 'a step lower' than the husband in all respects. If the girls really want to break the tradition and be equal to the boys they marry, why don't they grab the opportunities that come their way?

MRS. VIJAYA NARAYANA, Patna

We keep hearing about this tall-short business, despite the fact that filmdom's tallest superstar married its most diminutive heroine! So it would seem, star fashions don't lead all the way. Of course, height does assume some importance in an overall connotation of good looks, but there is no need to make a fetish of it. We presume this preoccupation with 'tall-short" brides/grooms will disappear with the wane of arranged marriages.

HAPPY DAYS?

Holidays are here again and most of us can hardly afford to go away and spend even a few days in a different place. At the same time, children, as well as the housewife, need a change from their routine. On a vacation, what we need essentially, is a respite from the daily chores and a change in the environment. Another city like Delhi, Bangalore or even a small town could provide a nice change for a Bombay family. Similarly, Bombay would be a delight for outsiders. Whenever one goes out, the hotel accommodation expenses are the highest and yet, most of the day is spent out of the hotel room. A way to beat the high hotel costs would be to arrange a mutual exchange of residence and car or scooter between two families in different towns. Then again, families living in downtown Bombay would love to spend their weekends in the suburbs and the suburbanites would welcome the idea of living in the city for a few days. Yet another way could be to spend the holidays in your own town. Just get out of the house like a tourist and enjoy your surroundings. A weekend away from your home, without the problems of cooking and cleaning, would certainly refresh a busy housewife!

MRS ACHAL K. BHATIA, Bombay.

Sounds nice, but is it practical? When you want to go to a cooler clime, will the people there be ready to come and occupy your hot flat? And people who want to visit Bombay will not normally time it for when you want to get away. Anyway, this is an idea which one can try out with very close friends —whether they will remain so after the "exchange programme", we cannot say.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

STINGY CAL. UNIVERSITY

With reference to the Young Viewpoint feature, "What Ails Calcutta University?" (April 12), I would like to add a little more about the unfairness prevalent in this University.

For a reason yet unfathomed, Cal. University prides itself on stinginess in marking (if marks achieved more by chance than real calibre can be called that!) by keeping first classes down to one per cent or even zero! Because of this policy, thousands suffer when faced with competitive examinations where the qualifying graduation marks are 55 per cent or even 50 per cent.

The answer to this could be :

1) Special provisions for Calcutta University students — how absurd! or,

2) More generosity on the part of the University.

But who can clean up this Augean stable? And how?

P. MOOKERJEA, Calcutta.

STEREOTYPES AND MENTAL HEALTH

Rehana Ghadially is right when she says that women face a psychological problem if they do not play the role society expects of them. ("Games women are made to play", April 12). However, this is true of men also, if they do not conform to the role prescribed for them.

I think we, the parents, should change our attitudes and give our children equal opportunities and equal exposure to various aspects of life. Then they can pick up the rest. If we do that, there won't be panic if one of the partners is sick or otherwise unable to do his/her job. It will also enable them to understand each other's work. The work involved in managing the family and earning a living are both of equal importance and cannot be done efficiently by one alone.

SUBHA-RAJ JAIN, Bangalore.

MALE INFERTILITY

"For Want Of A Baby" by Lalitha Ramanathan (April 19) did not tell us anything new. Most of the questions have been asked and answered before. What the doctor has noticeably omitted are the exact causes, treatment and cures for male infertility. Many readers, I am sure, would like to know more about this problem.

A READER.

WANTED : BABIES

Thank you very much for your article, "For Want Of A Baby" (April 19). The article was most educative, but it did not give many details about male infertility. We would be very obliged and grateful if you would write more about this problem as early as possible. We would also like to have the addresses of infertility clinics.

A. B. JOSHI, Bombay.

HAPPY MARRIAGES

The article, "Life After Marriage" by Rochelle D'Souza (April 19) was interesting. I would have liked it to be concluded with H. L. Menchen's words: "Who is happy in marriage? Those with so little imagination that they cannot picture a better state, and those so shrewd that they prefer quiet slavery to hopeless rebellion"!

S. KRISHNA KUMAR, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JUNE 7

FATHER RAPES DAUGHTER

Can there be an explanation for a phenomenon like this? A discussion, based on a recent Bombay High Court judgement on a case involving the rape of a thirteen-year-old girl by her own father.

THE REALITY OF MARRIAGE

When her marriage did not work out, one woman sat back and looked around to see whether anything was wrong with her, And what she found out, she has turned into an article to share with other women.

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

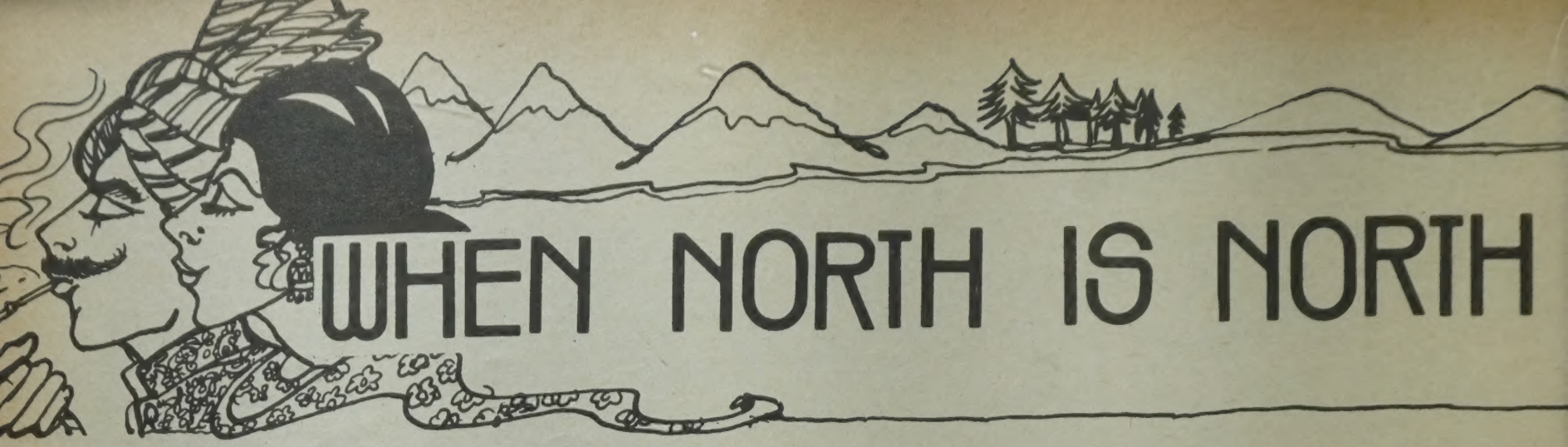
A guide to our consumer protection laws.

A FAIR SHARE

Are you getting your fair share of the things you buy? Or are you being tricked on weights and measures? A Consumer Awareness feature.

ALSO

Pancake Meals : Interesting and easy.



WHEN NORTH IS NORTH

"Almost all North Indians start life with one thing in common — a total ignorance of South Indians and their ways," says SUNAINA LOWE, who writes on this page of the stereotyped image North Indians have of South Indians. On the following page JAYA RAMANATHAN looks at the Southerners' point of view and discovers fresh stereotypes

MARTIANS, we proclaim, are green and purple with bulbous eyes and a pair of antennae sprouting from their craniums like half-finished butterflies. Germans are blonde, blue-eyed, ruthlessly efficient and stern. Americans are big, beefy and florid, with accents that carry like well-hit golf-balls. Spaniards are ...and so on ... and so on. This foolish frantic urge to classify and file all people into neat little pigeon-holes is called stereotyping. Psychologists say that it is a sort of defence mechanism and, pathetically, everyone indulges in it. For the truth is that our cerebrums are incapable of handling all the information that flows in through our perception centres.

So what do we do? Shirk, and take a short-cut. Every person we meet has his unruly, unfathomable edges clipped and in he goes, cleanly, into a slot. Whether he/she really does match the short list of characteristics over each slot is no concern of ours; we believe he does. And what do we do if we run up against someone who behaves counter to the stereotype? Like a generous Jew or a Martian who looks like a cherub?

(a) Take it as the exception that proves the rule.

(b) Ignore the inconsistent trait or consider it a lie.

(c) Pretend to be asleep.

The Indian brain is just like any other human brain, but it is forced to process ten times the information on sub-castes and rituals, religions and diets, customs and traditions, ethnic groups and isms, compared to others, in its daily round of duties. There's only one way out — the easy way — stereotypes.

The most generalised, widely used, supremely ludicrous stereotype is that of the South Indian in the eyes of the North Indian.

Almost every North Indian starts life with one thing in common — a total ignorance of South Indians and their ways. Which is not such a bad thing in itself, but to think that most North Indians even die that way is certainly sad. They do not even know who they are! South India, everyone generally agrees, is defined by the boundaries of the four southern States — Tamil Nadu, Kerala, Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh. Most Northerners realise this and yet, with the arrogance of oxen, call all South Indians by the loose term "Madrassis". An astonishing piece of stupidity, since, in all logic, only the residents of the city of Madras can be called Madrassis. To broadly classify the residents of four States under one ill-defined term shows a sad lack of knowledge.

The North Indian will be surprised to know that he is as ill-defined for the South Indian, who considers anyone who speaks Hindi as a North Indian without bothering to distinguish between Punjabi, Sindhi, a man from U.P., etc.

Most Northerners have a massive but unjustified superiority complex about South Indians. "I have found that they make excellent babus," said one educated, well-settled Punjabi, his words coated with a frosting of condescension and contempt. A lot of this has to do with colour, physique and features. Because of a series of invasions — from the Aryan to the Moghul, climatic conditions and dietary habits, North Indians generally have a lighter skin, greater height and more chiselled features. So in a society and world where fair is fair, North Indians feel one up. Of course, not all in the South are dark, short and flat-nosed, nor are all North Indians fair and tall and aquiline-nosed. Many are not only dark, they are positively ugly! But they like to believe that all of them are by definition more virile, braver and more handsome than Indians of the South. "The South has no pretty girls," is the kind of casual dismissal the beefy North Indian male is prone to indulge in.

But one thing that frightens most Northeners is the intellect of the South Indians. "They are all really brainy, yaar," said a collegian emphatically. Their intellectual abilities go unquestioned anywhere in the North. This is largely because they have been told that 90 per cent of South Indians are educated (very few know that it is only in the State of Kerala and there too the percentage is not so high). To be literate you've got to be intelligent (how else could an illiterate North Indian think!). Hence all South Indians are intelligent (Q.E.D. and pigs have wings).

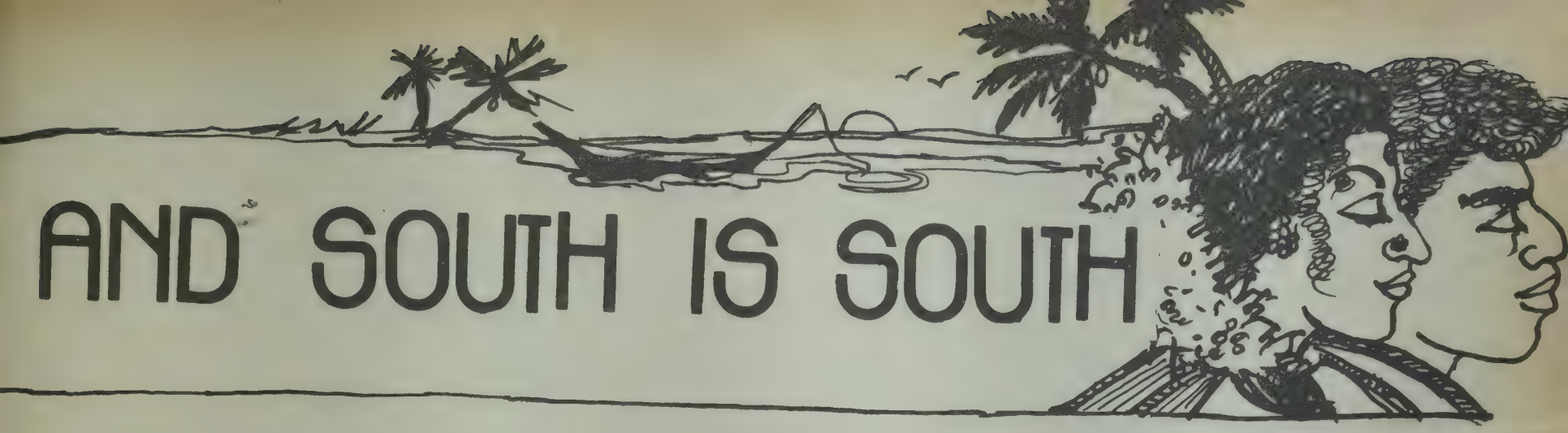
The outcome of the above simplistic reasoning is the dichotomy: the "brawny" North, the "brainy" South.

Another left-handed compliment paid to South Indians is that they are unfailingly simple. Some mean it in a kind sense— that they are a gentle people with simple tastes and no affectations. Said a housewife, "They are neat and simple people, no showing off, and they will rarely cheat you." But many mean it as a jibe. Simple in the sense of lacking in style, stingy. I once heard somebody comment. "A South Indian woman will wear gorgeous silks, diamonds at her throat and wrists, but will get into her Mercedes bare-footed!" His voice was half-admiring, half-pitying.

All South Indians are mimicked as speaking English with a stereotype accent: the "yum" "yun" accent. If anyone bothered to listen, there is as much difference between a Malayalee and a Tamilian speaking English as there is between a Punjabi and a Bihari speaking English.

The fierce aversion to Hindi among Tamilians has made them traitors in the eyes of the Hindi speaking people; the defiant burning of Ram and extolling of Ravana by the followers of the late Periyar sets the seal on this view. Their food habits and motives are both misjudged. Their contentment is mistaken for aversion to adventure and their placidity for cowardice.

This article is the result of numerous brushes with North Indians, of decades spent in the North, of familiarity with their views. There are many who do not hold all these views, but most do. Any North Indian who says he has never held any of them at any time in his life is a rare exception. This article is also the result of a few years spent in the South where I spent day after miserable day feeling an alien — a Northerner, which of course I am.



AND SOUTH IS SOUTH

OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

With due apologies to Rudyard Kipling a slight variation of this contention can be applied to India : "Oh North is North and South is South, and never the twain shall see eye to eye".

A facetious parable has it that in the beginning God descended from His Himalayan abode carrying with Him equal quantities of beauty and brain. To the first set of people He met in the extreme north, he offered a choice between the two assets and they chose beauty and God bestowed upon them fifty per cent of the beauty He carried. When He reached Central India, the inhabitants asked for both beauty and brains. He gave them the remaining half of beauty and a half portion of brains. When He ultimately reached southern India he had no option but to distribute all He had left — the remaining half of the brains He had brought!

And thus God Almighty Himself paved the way to eternal conflicts and complexes — brawn versus brain.

"You think only we South Indians are colour and beauty conscious?" Mythili, a college student, asked with irritation. "As you travel north of Bombay, colour prejudices run deeper and deeper, my own classmates come out with innuendoes and outrageous statements like 'She's so dark and ugly, just like a Madrassi', thereby linking a dark complexion with ugliness.

Partly it is our early school education that is to be blamed for such bias. History books, often authored by foreigners, describe the people of the South as Dravidians as "the original natives of India — dark, short people who worshipped the sun and snakes, in whom the civilized Aryans tried to inculcate better standards of living," thus setting the seal on Aryan "superiority". And for Indians north of the Deccan all Southerners are Dravidians or "Madrassis" as they are collectively labelled.

"By and large emigration from the South to other parts of the country is limited to two communities in the south— Tamil Brahmins and Malayalees from Kerala. To stigmatise these people as 'Dravidians' is the stupidest mistake Northerners can make, because Brahmins and most of the Keralites are not Dravidians," explained Mr. Krishnan, a Tamilian professor. "In fact, the supreme irony is that in the South, particularly in Tamil Nadu, we Brahmins are discriminated against as non-Dravidians."

Another factor to which people of the North prefer to turn a blind eye is that there are four States in the south, but the common man seldom bothers to identify a South Indian with his particular state — he is contemptuously referred to as a "Madrassi".

As Mrs. Lalitha Bhat, a Kannadiga housewife, complained with justification, "Whenever there is a Telugu, Tamil, Malayalam or Kannada film scheduled on T.V., my neighbours dismiss it as some 'Madrassi film' without a thought to the four different languages of the South. How would they like it if I were to similarly club together under one generic term all Gujarathi, Marathi, Punjabi and Sindhi films?"

But this kind of ignorance is rampant in the South too regarding communities of the North. In fact, it is more because the downward immigration is nowhere as high as the upward in this country. In a small town of Tamil Nadu, where I spent some years, the handful of North Indians there were referred to by the local people as "Seths". I once inquired of my land-lady of a particular family in the neighbourhood whether they were Sindhis or Punjabis.

"You mean there are different types of Seths?" she asked naively. "They all seem to speak Hindi and we always call them Seths."

Later I learnt she was only one among the majority of middle-class women who believed that apart from the four southern States all other Indians spoke just Hindi and comprised one large community.

"One thing about these people, they are so intolerant towards communities whose customs and ways of life differ from their own," said Radha, a newly married bride at Dadar. "To begin with, they were shocked to attend a day-time wedding and they were incredulous at my not donning a 'ghunghat' — 'not even during the wedding ceremony?' they kept asking. 'How can you, a newly married, appear before your father-in-law with your head uncovered?' Despite my repeated attempts to explain to them that only widows in the South covered their heads, they just refused to appreciate or understand my position."

Language and accent constitute another source of constant discord. The South Indian languages, particularly Tamil (being the only Indian language that is not derived from Sanskrit) are so different in accent and pronunciation that Northerners feel themselves at a disadvantage while attempting to comprehend the four languages when they are spoken. Whereas, a basic knowledge of Hindi enables a South Indian to at least vaguely grasp the other languages. The North Indian works off his frustration by ridiculing the Southerner's manner of speaking English, his gutteral accent and habit of rolling his r's.

"Whatever our accent and pronunciation, when it comes to a knowledge of the English language we are head and shoulders above these people," emphatically contended Mr. Subramaniam, an engineer. "For instance, when I take my car to the garage here, the mechanics cannot use even such simple English words as 'parking lamp', 'wind shield' or 'clutch', but resort to unfathomable colloquial terms, whereas down South, especially in the cities, even a peon or a rickshawallah has a working knowledge of English."

"We are used to oiling and washing our hair every morning, no matter how early we have to set out to work," said Leela Nair who commutes to Churchgate each morning. "But you must see the fuss the girls on the train make as we board the train. 'Here are the Matungawallis', they snigger, 'with their wet, oily plaits; keep away, or your clothes will get stained'."

So much for the grouses on the part of South Indian immigrants regarding local attitudes towards them, but considering they have no other recourse but to live in the midst of "these people" and make the best of the prevailing circumstances, what are their own feelings and levels of tolerance? The same persons who cribbed about the Northerners' prejudices were equally voluble and self-righteously critical.

The quintessence of the South Indian bias can best be gleaned from the Sankarans' (a middle aged couple settled in Bombay for the past three decades) statament : "When we first came to Bombay we lived in a two-room tenement in Matunga, and we hardly felt we had come away from Madras. After ten years we shifted to a more cosmopolitan locality and immediately we sensed a feeling of alienation. Overnight our children appeared far more intelligent and capable than others in the neighbourhood. Earlier, in the South Indian school, they were just average students, but on transferring them to a convent we found they were topping their classes. They

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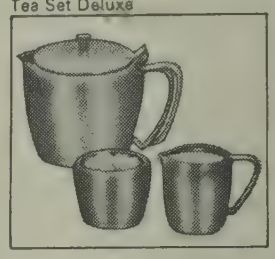
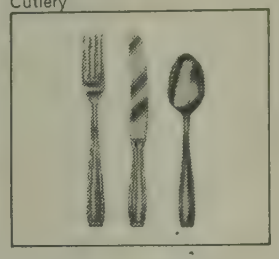
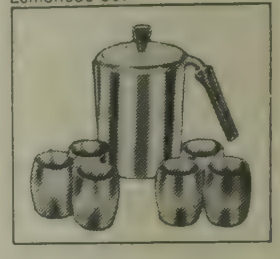


Cutlery



Lemonade Set



She will remember you for it every day of her wedded life. And thank you for your thoughtfulness in choosing something she cannot do without. So good in looks, so hygienic.

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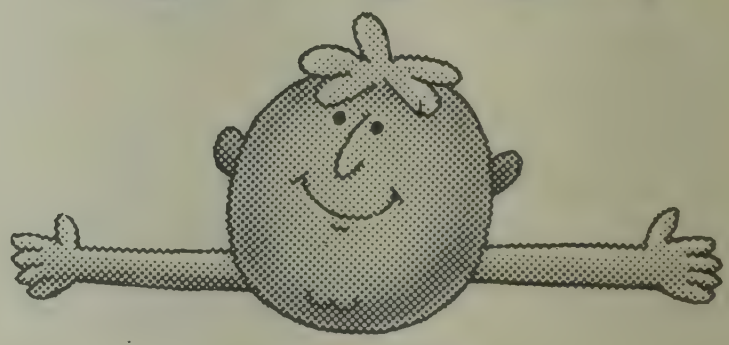

The inside capacity of a Gulmarg freezer chest is 30 litres.

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

ARE THESE SAFE?

I have heard of depilatory creams and lotions to remove unwanted hair. What are these? Are they safe to use?

H. J. (Nagpur)

Depilatory creams/lotions are applied on the area to be defuzzed and left on a few minutes, after which hair comes off. But if the skin is sensitive, they cause allergy, therefore try on a small patch to check the result before you apply it on the entire area.

It is advisable to buy the cream or lotion of a good make and follow the instructions carefully.

PROTRUDING ABDOMEN

I am 29 and have a protruding tummy. How do I get rid of it? I go for walks daily but this has not helped.

N. V. (Bombay)

REMOVING UNWANTED HAIR

You should have a 20-minute brisk walk daily. . . walk with your abdominal muscles pulled in. Walking leisurely is not going to help you.

Given below are a few exercises for your problem.

1. Lie on your back on the floor. Bring your right knee up over the chest and make a few circles, keeping the sole of the left foot firm on the floor. Repeat with the other leg.

2. Lie on the floor, arms extended sideways. Raise both the legs a few inches off the floor and pedal vigorously, keeping hips firmly on floor. Do this for 10 minutes.

You have to be careful about your diet too. Avoid starchy and fried foods and include fresh fruits and vegetables in your diet.

HOME-MADE CLEANSER

Please tell me how to make a cleanser at home for face, hands and legs. My other problem is that although I use mascara, my eyelashes do not look dark and thick. What should I do?

C.M. (Panaji)

Take a little milk, malai or curds and add a little **besan** (gram flour) to it to form a paste. Apply this on your face, hands and legs and leave it on till it dries completely. Then wash off.

You should apply two coats of mascara to make your eyelashes seem dark and luxuriant. Let the first one dry thoroughly before you apply the second coat. Also, brush your lashes between coats to separate them.

. . .AND SOUTH IS SOUTH

did lag behind in sports and other activities, but in studies they stood first."

Then Mr. Sankaran continued, "My son's classmates, mainly Gujaratis and Punjabis, who fared poorly in academics, did not pursue their studies but joined their family business (Gujaratis) or took up sales jobs (Punjabis). The result is they have made pots of money with their congenital business acumen and aggressive salesmanship, whereas my eldest son qualified as a first class engineer from the IIT and secured a coveted job with the Tata group. These North Indians have a shrewd business sense and this, coupled with a total lack of scruples, enables them to accumulate wealth — but when it comes to using the head, making important technical and other decisions, they find WE are indispensable," asserted Mr. Sankaran with obvious pride.

Thus it was that in Calcutta, where I studied at both school and college, a particular college was known to admit mainly students from two communities — Marwaris and South Indians. "The former for the donations they brought in, and the latter to show good results," the South Indians used to maintain facetiously.

"College life used to be so peaceful and purposeful in Madras," Ravi, presently doing a post-graduate course in Bombay, mused. "Strikes and subsequent rustication of students were almost unheard of. Here, throughout the year the students are busy with extra-curricular activities and when confronted with exams they seize upon any excuse to have them postponed. . and often things take such a violent turn. . ." he added with a shudder.

The South Indian housewife's complaints were variations of the following theme:

"We believe basically in keeping ourselves, our home, and our surroundings clean and hygienic, and we have neither the inclination nor the wherewithal for lavish decors and living, but these Punjabis and Sindhis, every thing about them is superficial and shallow. They invite you to dinner only to impress you with their crockery. furniture, their clothes, their style of living, but try and take a peep into their kitchen—you will see dirty cupboards, unwashed utensils, dust and filth all over, and as for their bedrooms — when they have guests all the unwanted things in the house get dumped in there and then it strikes you what pseuds these people really are. It's just facade, facade and behind that nothing."

And so it goes on — the petty squabbling and parochialism, born of and nurtured by a basic lack of empathy, but in this North-South controversy, where do the East and West figure? To find out, I spoke to a few Bengalis (to represent the East) and Maharashtrians (to speak up for the West).

The Bengalis like to consider themselves a very separate entity, resenting comparison to either North or South.

"If at all we have anything in common with others in India, it is with the Malayalees," said Mr. Ghosh. "Our eating habits (fish and rice) and simple manner of living are similar to theirs."

"And do not forget to mention our like obsession for baths, hair and skin care," added Mrs. Ghosh with a twinkle in her eye.

However, when this particular conversation was repeated to a Malayalee, Mr. Menon, he shot back, "I will tell you our fundamental difference — we are a hard-working, ambitious people, whereas the Bengali likes to boast of an artistic temperament, and this he makes an excuse for his lassitude." .

"Whenever it comes to choosing between a Madrassi on one hand and a Marwari, Punjabi or even another Bengali on the other as tenants for my flats, any day I will settle for a Madrassi," said Mr. Mukherji, owner of a building in Calcutta, presently holidaying in Bombay. "South Indians are far less troublesome and easier to get on with, and while their flats may not look posh, at least they take good care of them; but the Punjabis and Sindhis spend all their money and energy in lavishly doing up their drawing rooms, and leave their kitchens and other rooms absolutely shabby."

The Maharashtrian intelligentsia at least seems to regard itself as part of "South India". During an interview, an eminent educationist of Bombay, while speaking on adult education, said, "The southern states — Andhra Pradesh, Tamil Nadu, Kerala, Karnataka and Maharashtra — already well up in literacy, do not face opposition from bigoted sections of the public in the implementation of the literacy programme."

A State Government media man was even more pronounced in his allegiance. "We South Indians, blessed as we are with social and political awareness, and consequently stable governments, are able to achieve far more in every sphere of activity without wasting time over trivialities."

But the average Maharashtrian either considers himself unique or an ideal combination of the best of North and South characteristics. To quote the words of Jyotsna, a bank employee, "We are peace-loving like the South Indians but not conservative like them; we are more progressive, but then we do not overdo things like the Punjabis; we are very balanced."

PART TWO

THE ANGUISHED CRY:

POETRY BY DALIT WOMEN

Surekha Bhagat

Among the Dalit women poets of the younger generation Surekha Bhagat has been the most prolific composer of a large variety of poems. After having published about 200 Lalit poems, she turned to the composition of poems of social awareness and protest. Her poems have been published in "Asmitadarsh", "Jaibheem", "Watchal", "Sinha Zep", "Sinha Garjana", "Shiv Shakti", "Malran", "Lok Shahi," and other magazines and newspapers of Maharashtra. The following are a few of her poems which are representative of her style and fierce social revolt.

AMCHYAKADE PAHANYACHA SAMAJACHA DRISHTI KON: SOCIETY'S ANGLE OF VISION

In this touching poem, Surekha Bhagat refers to the attitude of our caste-ridden society towards the Dalit men and women. She points out how the pitiable conditions of the Dalits are the result of the injustice and cruel exploitation inflicted on them by caste Hindus.

Do not throw only words to us, O parents,
Do not give us mere words of charity,
Do not throw a few coins on our face to show
Your generosity.
But it has now become a routine story,
And it is going to continue.
To maintain the burning torches in burning minds,
And to adorn your head with the label of philanthropy
Do not forget that you are also living beings.
Then, why should you create gods out of stones?
Are the gods in human bodies falling short?
Our practices, our thoughts are a novelty to you.
You sell them and increase their value;
You sell them, and enrich yourself at the cost of our
Poor lives,
You want to take our honour,
So that your dishonour could be covered;
Your helpless affluence has been painted with our colours.

LAJ: SHAME

In this poem the poet refers to the scornful indifference of caste Hindus towards the woes of the Dalits.

In the scorching sun, for earning a livelihood
We have suffered all that came our way,
And the Sun showed pity on us.
In order to arouse the soil
We became one with it,
And even soil also responded to us.
You assaulted us as inferior beings,
And the Wind was awakened, and
The heart of everyone melted for us.
And now, O man,
Where has your shame gone? Where gone?

UDREK: ERUPTION

In this poem, Surekha draws the attention of our caste-ridden society to the great discontent which is simmering in the suffering hearts of the Dalits today. Although the Dalits, on account of their conversion to Buddhism, have adopted peaceful methods and constitutional remedies to seek solutions to their problems, they are greatly disappointed to find these methods are proving futile. So when their patience is exhausted and peaceful means fail, violence may erupt like a volcano.

We people go the way of the righteous ones,
And advocate peaceful means,
But that does not mean weakness.
If need be, we can make the Day sleep,
And the Night keep awake.
We have reached the last limits of our patience,
And the threads of peace are being unstitched;
To stitch them is needed the needle of Revolution,
Which we could pick up any time at our will.
But we are considerate,
And if you want to ascertain the truth,
You may inquire from Death.
Our minds have been greatly hurt
By humiliations, hatred, jealousies,
And the awesome assaults of Untouchability,
And caste discrimination, and atrocities,
And we have all been ignited fully,
And how much time will the fire take to engulf the World
The volcano is bound to erupt and burst forth,
It is not afraid of the times,
It doesn't fear any one.

CONQUER HATRED WITH LOVE

This long poem describes the inhuman atrocities perpetrated on the poor, helpless and innocent Dalits of the Marathwada region during the violence that occurred in 1978 over the issue of renaming Marathwada University after Dr. Ambedkar. Surekha Bhagat strongly condemns the campaign of hate the caste Hindus had carried on against the Dalits of Marathwada. She chides the caste Hindus for forgetting the teachings of saints and Mahatmas and adivises them to cease fanning the flames of hatred and try to solve social problems with love.

O man, kindled by the flames of hatred,
Keep on getting inflamed;
And we will give one more torch
If that will satisfy your hatred.
And if you are going to get a devilish pleasure out of it,
We give you one more torch.
O protectors of cows and Brahmanas,
While taking the life of man,
And exposing naked casteism,
If you feel proud of it,
Then, take this one more torch...
What great wisdom you have shown.
What of Gandhi, Phuley, and Ambedkar,
You have outdone them all.
And for such deeds of unprecedented bravery,
You had been waiting anxiously for long.
Good, you got the opportunity,
And your deeds of courage
Caught the attention of the world.
You have understood the significance of democracy!
You have understood the message of the Saints, the Mahatmas!
And you have adorned the name of Marathwada!
But O Devils, Listen!

If you wanted to have a devilish dance,

Better you should have realised

That no problem could be solved

By massacreing some people.

Quarrels have never set controversies at rest,

Remember Buddha! Remember Ashoka!

And you will realise that quarrels are composed with compromise.

Anger could be conquered with compassion,

And hatred could be overcome with love, with love alone!

Meena Gajbhiye

Meena Gajbhiye, presently working as an official in the State of Orissa, is one of the leading poets of the younger generation. Her poems have mostly been published in "Asmitadarsh" of Aurangabad. They show a deep awareness of the predicament of the Dalits today.

DONHI VYARTHACHA: BOTH ARE FUTILE

This short poem throws light on the futility of piecemeal reforms and lip service to the cause of the Dalits whose greatest concern is how to get bread. But our caste-ridden society offers only lip sympathy, and occasionally a crust of bread to the hungry millions, but these methods achieve nothing.

What do you want to do for those

To whom hunger is pain, suffering?

You might shed two tears of sympathy, or

Offer a piece of bread also.

To one who neither survives nor dies,

What do you plan to do for him?

Do you intend to compose a beautiful poem on his life?

Or wish to write a beautiful elegy?

You may do either, but both are futile.

OASIS

In this poem, the poet graphically describes the tedious journey of the poor Dalits through the desert of the caste-ridden Indian society in search of an oasis, which unfortunately does not exist for them. They run after the mirage, which ever keeps receding.

We walk through the burning desert,

And get burnt like grains in the oven;

On and on we walk, in search of an oasis.

Does an oasis exist in the desert of casteism?

Never, it never exists.

Several women have been publicly humiliated,

Why did Krishna not rush to their help?

Is he for them or for Draupadi alone?

Ram, who killed Shambhuka,

A guru like Dronacharya,

And Kunti, who gave birth to Karna,

Those who worship, worship such ideals,

For getting heaven, in this or next life.

But we see the vision of equality,

And chant the hymn of compassion, forgiveness, and solitude.

But these bugs have got tired of sucking our blood,

And now they are pouncing on us to eat our flesh.

This is no time to sing in praise of God,

It is time for blowing the trumpet of war.

Preaching a new sense of self-respect to Dalit women, the new generation of Dalit women poets condemn the campaign of hate carried on against them. N. G. BHAWARE describes their struggle to claim human rights for their people, particularly the women of their community

---

Asha Manik Khandare

The poems of Asha Manik (she writes under this name) are published in the "Asmitadarsh", and possess a strong social awareness. She is anguished when she reads of the atrocities on the Dalit men and women in different parts of the country, and angry that caste Hindus generally don't show much concern over these cruelties. In the following poem she draws a comparison between the moaning over the "sufferings" of some individuals during the Emergency and indifference to the age-old sufferings of the Dalits.

ATYACHAR: ATROCITIES

You have been greatly distressed

On account of the atrocities

Of the nineteen months of the Emergency?

But we have suffered greater atrocities, and

Still suffering the pains of Untouchability.

Under MISA you were put behind the bars of the prison,

But were you not looked after as "Rajbandis"?

We were imprisoned in the Maharwada, beyond the wall,

As Untouchables, and

There was no trace of any facilities for us.

Were your children prohibited from attending the schools?

Was your shadow polluting any one?

Did your mother-sister suffer any molestation?

While you were put behind the prison bars

Were your kith and kin burnt while tied to the trees

For not bending while offering salutations?

Were the wells not open for you to draw water in the Emergency?

But our throats have dried in shouting for water after the Emergency.

Why did you not remember about individual liberty

When you kept us in chains for centuries?

This is no justification of the Emergency,

But the exposition of the reality and unreality.

Shaila Gajbhiye

Shaila Gajbhiye is one of the younger generation of the Dalit woman poets who are still occupied in their academic pursuits, but possess a strong social awareness. This finds expression in her poems. They are less aggressive, gentler, sensitive.

WOES OF THE DALITS

Wherever my steps fall,

The heart-rendering dance of tears begins;

Wherever I go,

The ground gets deeply divided.

It is so strange, the reason unknown to me,

Why should I meet these lamentations, cries,

And the dance of the Devil,

And the bleeding pieces of hearts of humanity,

Which make me embarrassed?

My helpless mind, shall I remove this heart?

For I can't stand the humiliation and the tears of the innocent.

WADAL ANI MI: THE STORM AND MYSELF

In the following poem the poet describes how the poor Dalits, reduced to beggary, have nothing to save in a storm.

They are all collecting their articles,

Which they bought for their living.

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Baby's nutritionally complete cereal food.

Complete with milk, sugar... and love.

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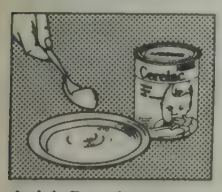
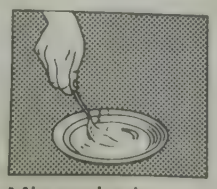
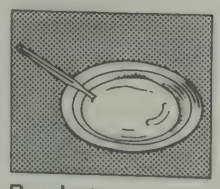

Add Cerelac to pre-boiled water.


Mix and stir.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* Enough proteins to make your baby GROW.
* Extra vitamins and iron to make your baby GLOW.

NESTLÉ

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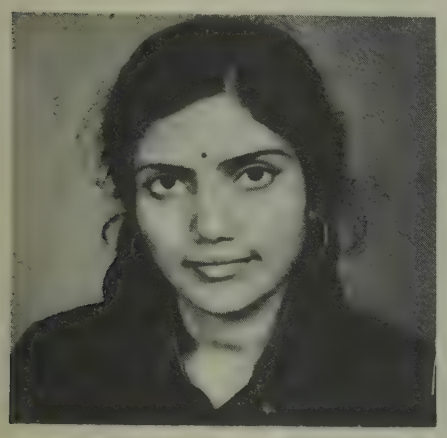
THE ANGUISHED CRY: POETRY BY DALIT WOMEN

They do this whenever they get
The prescience of a storm.
But, at this moment, I understand not
What I should do;
Yes, I realise, I have nothing
That needs be collected and kept safe.



Kunda Gaikwad

Kunda Gaikwad from Yeotmal is another poet of the younger generation of Dalit poets who is still a student, but she is already involved in the fight for justice. Her poems give expression to her burning zeal. They have been published in "Lok Prabha". "Asmitadarsh", "Stree", etc. The following among her poems interested me most :

SURYA: THE SUN

With burning torches in my hands
I am going to draw the profile of my existence;
Then there will surge up the soaring flames,
The stealing directions will get burnt,
The snow tops of the mountains will melt.
With similar radiance, I shall forge ahead
With the decoration of the flames,
And all will shout... Sun!... Sun!...Sun!

In another poem Kunda expresses her strong resentment against the traditional outlook on life and shows her eagerness to rebel against social evils.

The waters of protest surge through my nerves,
The contexts of my sky
Are going to flare up into torches.
Then do not paint
Dreams of blue, with the stars for the Kunku...

In the first place, all the women poets are well educated, and have shown in their poems that they have imbibed the ideas and ideals, propagated by Dr. Ambedkar for the uplift of the down trodden Dalits. The philosophy of Dr. Ambedkar aims not only at the complete emancipation of the Dalits from the age-old slavery imposed upon them by caste Hindus but also at bringing about a "Total Revolution."

LINTAS-PIL.SH.1-1310

The poems show that the Dalit women of today are in the forefront of the struggle in Indian society, not by any violent methods, but through persuasion and discussion, through democratic means. Not only their own emancipation from the bondage of untouchability and poverty, but also the emancipation of all Hindus from blind faith and superstitious belief in the out-dated and debilitating caste system. The inhuman treatment given to the Dalits and the many atrocities perpetrated on them in various parts of India have lowered the prestige of India in the eyes of the world and those who are sensitive to injustice have felt a burning sense of shame at this national disgrace.

Freedom of the Dalits from the social and economic slavery to which they have been victims down the ages will wash out this stain from the fair face of Mother India. It is heartening to note that the Dalit women are now coming forth to play the role of pioneers in that total revolution which they want to bring about in this country, and make it free from the evils of casteism and discrimination. They are no less angry, no less courageous, no less involved in this great crusade than the men.

The poems also show that the Dalit women poets believe in restoration of Prajnya (knowledge) and Karuna (compassion) to their rightful place in society. They are not launching any campaign of hate against the exploiters but are eloquently advocating love and compassion between individuals of different castes.

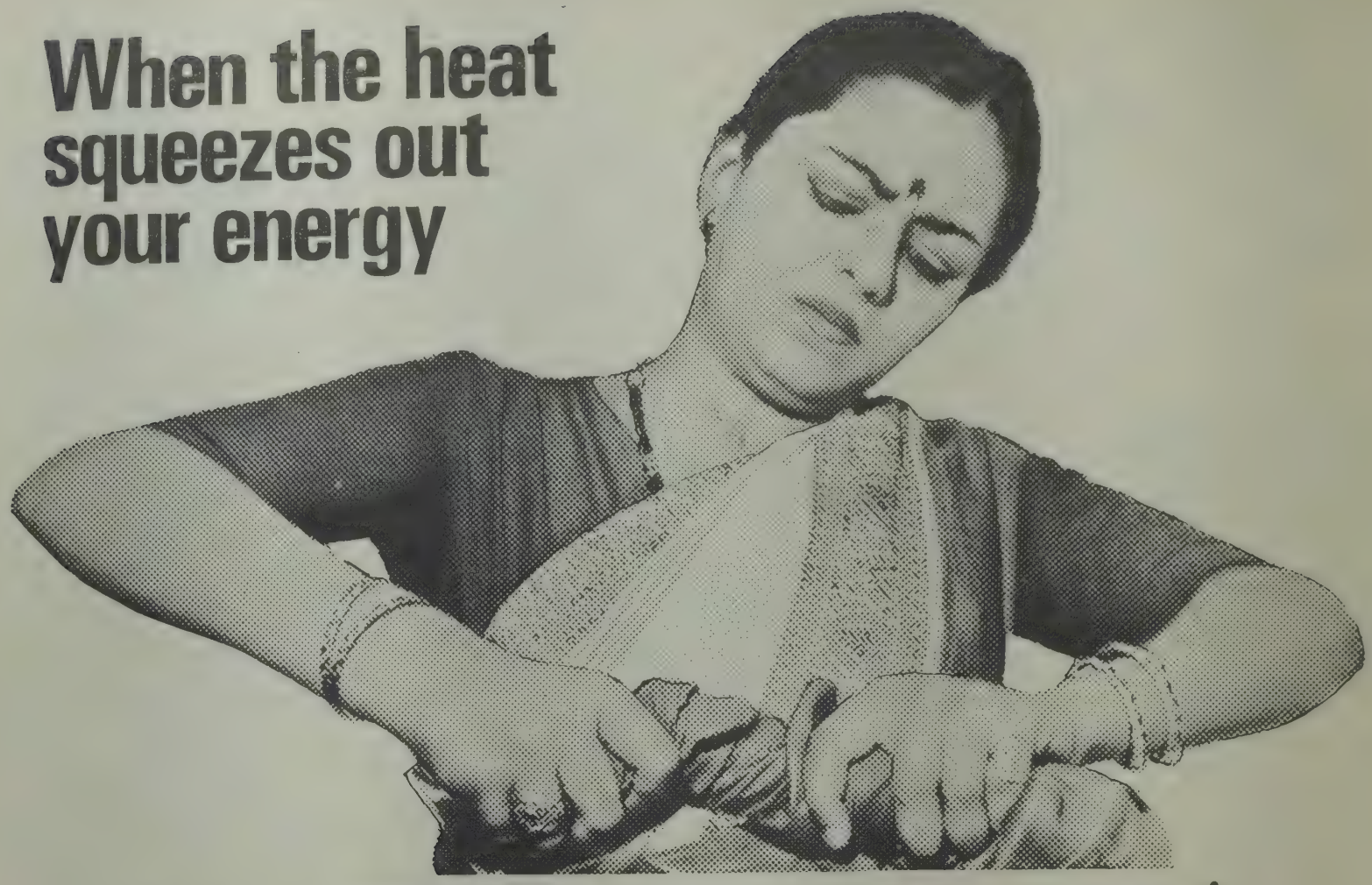
The poems also show that these women poets are not only fighting the specific injustices heaped on Dalits but also the many other evils which are rampant in their community. They therefore write with equal eloquence against the evils of drinking, prostitution on account of poverty, etc. They also stress the need for education for both men and women which alone can free them from the shackles of bigotry and false beliefs.

The Dalit women poets also campaign for the complete emancipation of women from the bondage of inferior status and for full equality with men. They are preaching a new sense of self-respect to the Dalit women, and making them aware of their rights. But in this respect they need to do much more. They should also write with an equal passion about the treatment given to uneducated women (sometimes to educated women also) by their husbands who become addicts to drink and gambling, about the woes of young girls whose marriage cannot be celebrated because of the evil custom of dowry which exists today even among the Dalits in some form or other, about men discarding their wives (both literate and illiterate) and leaving them to fend for themselves without any fear of social obloquy. With their gifted pens if these poets take up the battle not only to wrest rights for the Dalits from caste Hindus but also wrest the right for women to a life of dignity, they would indeed do justice to their inspired gift.

Lastly, I sincerely hope that this review of poems by Dalit women will arouse curiosity in the minds of the readers to know more about this vital social problem and to study the life of the Dalits more sympathetically.

I am grateful to all the Dalit women poets who have obliged me by sending their poems for this review and for the invaluable help I received from Prof. Gangadhar Pantavane, Editor, "Asmitadarsh", Aurangabad.

When the heat squeezes out your energy



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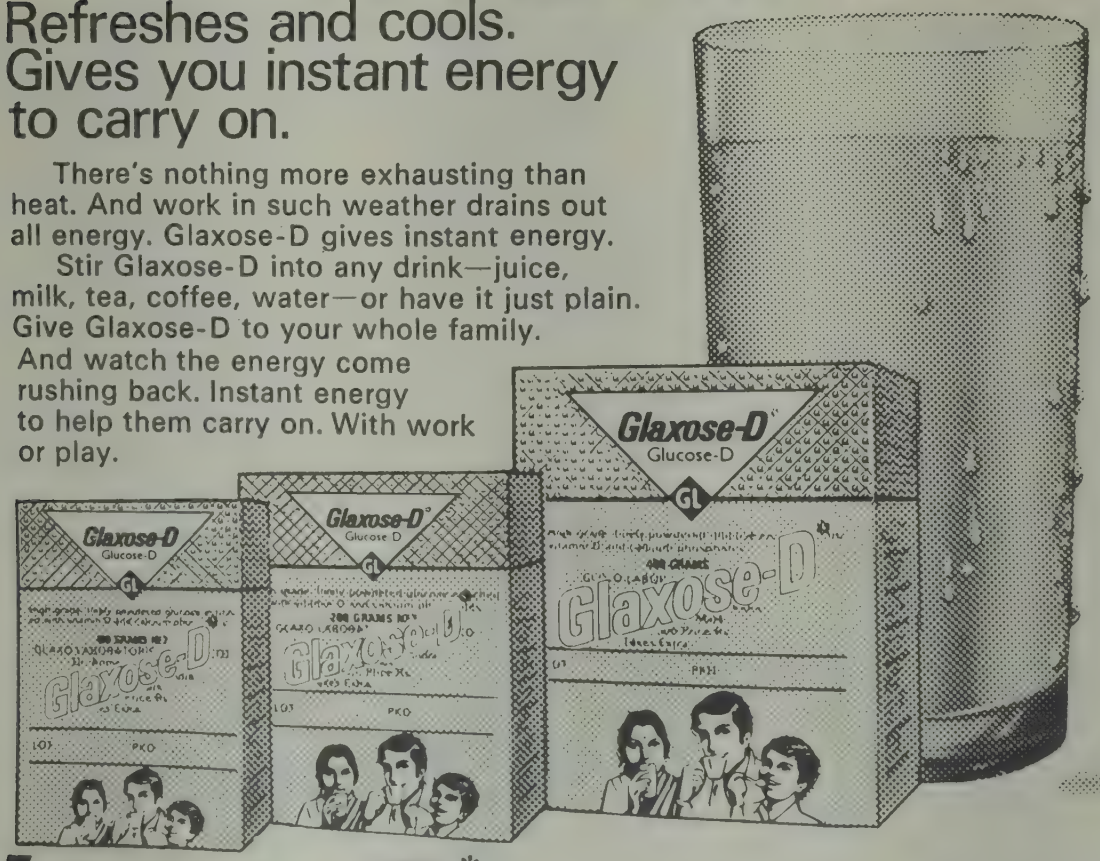

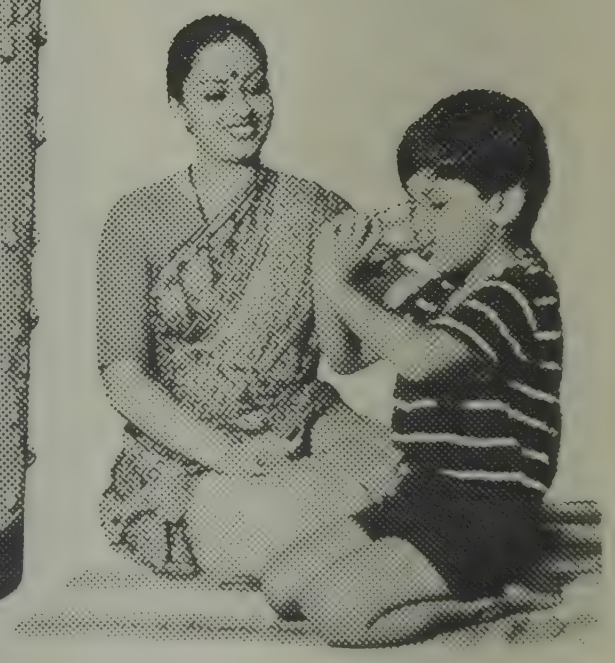

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SAND-PAINTING

Nirmala Krishnamurthy

Clad in an elegant silk Kimono, she knelt on the "Tatami" mat, surrounded by trays of brilliantly coloured sand. Holding the billowing sleeve of her Kimono in her left hand, she picked up the wooden spatula, and, with a few deft motions of her right hand, produced a white cock in brilliant plumage, an agile carp swimming in blue waters, the snow-clad peaks of Mount Fuji, milky waterfalls, golden sunset and graceful Kabuki dancers. Each sand painting, executed on a small black lacquer tray of about 90 cms. x 180 cms., was completed within a minute!

"Sunae", the Japanese art of sand-painting, is an evanescent art that has now been popularised in such faraway places as the U.S.A. and Canada by Mrs. Kashu Yoshikawa, an enterprising Japanese housewife.

"But I no longer use sand," she says. "It is not very clean, nor is it easy to dye. Since I was primarily interested in colour, I hit upon the idea of using powdered marble. This takes on colour evenly and I have now developed 12 basic colours and over 30 mixed shades."

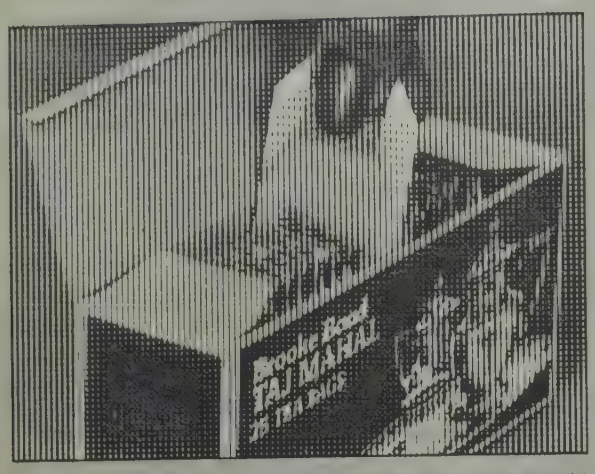
The fascination of Sunae lies in its simplicity. The lines are clean and uncluttered. . . drawn with a single sweep of the hand. No correction is possible as in the case of oil-painting. Feathers of crane and swan are used with a light touch to draw fleecy clouds and foaming waters; while mountains, buildings and trees are filled in with sand from a thick wooden spatula.

There is similarity between Sunae and the Indian Rangoli with which we decorate the floors at festival time. But unlike Rangoli, Sunae can be a permanent source of pleasure, for Mrs. Yoshikawa has found a method of preserving her pictures. She mixes a little glue to the marble powders and fixes them by holding the finished work over a pan of steaming water. By doing this, the colours become fixed and the picture can then be framed and hung like a painting.

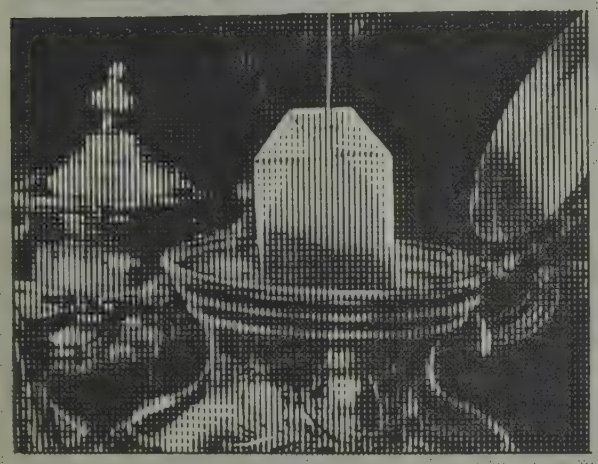
Photographs : Krishna

Brooke Bond presents

a great new way to good tea



just pick...



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No more strainers, or messing with used leaves nor washing up afterwards. Taj Tea Bags, a simple, tidy and stylish way to make tea, good tea whose strength can be matched to individual taste. Plus a waste-free means of keeping check on how much tea you use. And of course the Brooke Bond promise to make every cup a joy.

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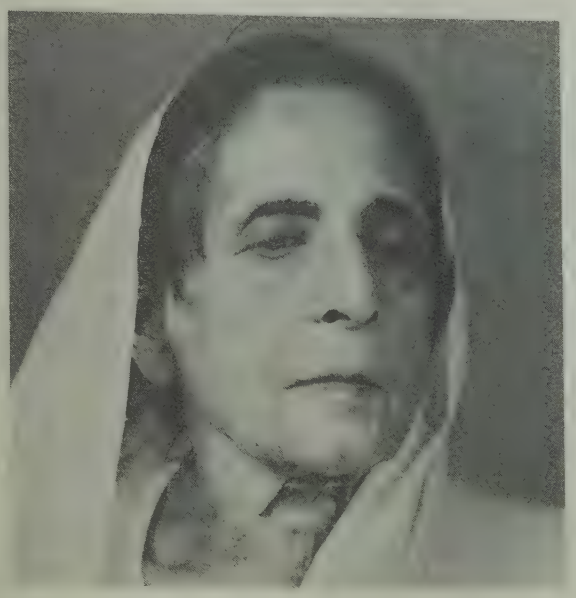

JYOTIRMOYEE DEVI

"SILENT OBSERVERS OF WORLD HISTORY"

Srimati Lal

Within the narrow, shaded mazes of North Calcutta by-lanes, you enter a small house clinging to a timeworn private temple, and are face to face with a quiet, smiling lady in pure white. She is pale, tiny, delicate to the point of fragility. Born on January 23, 1894, Jyotirmoyee Devi seems like a gentle breath of a Calcutta past that still lurks in its present — if one can find it.

"I was only sixteen when I started writing . . . it was like a madness. It just wouldn't stop. Things were different then. It wasn't easy for women of orthodox backgrounds to be writers . . . housework, and my father's illness, stopped me. Still, I kept up with my poetry. At that time, so many popular Bengali songs were derogatory to women. We were bracketed together with edibles, like commodities! And when I spoke out against this sort of thing at the age of 26, most people thought I was a man writing under a woman's name!"

Born in Jaipur, winner of the Rabindra Puraskar in 1973 for her novel 'Shona Rupa Noy', Jyotirmoyee Devi has about 11 books to her credit. These include over 100 stories, many based in the zenanas of Rajasthan. She has a special entity for she did not write within the mainstream of Bengali literary experiments. Her stories provide astute observations of the sociological problems of women in Rajasthan and Punjab, at a time when 'purdah' was an accepted phenomenon.

The stream of literature by women in Bengal had been initiated, like so many other spheres of creativity, by a member of the Tagore family in the late 19th century — Swarnakumari Devi, sister of Rabindranath. Her idealistic, liberated romances opened new windows for women of the orthodoxy with literary talent, the most significant pioneers being Anurupa Devi and Nirupama Devi.

Jyotirmoyee Devi now reminisces with gratitude: "These women knew how to speak the truth. After them, came more liberated urban women thinkers like Santa Devi and Sita Devi, Sailabala Ghoshjaya, Giribala Devi (who might be called a gentler Bengali Austen)... pathfinders, with fresh vision. Earlier novels like 'Udyanlata' by the sisters Santa and Sita, or 'Sheikh Andu' by Sailabala were courageous trail blazers."

It is of interest today to note the themes of the above novels, both published as early as 1918. 'Udyanlata' portrayed a young urban girl with the new 'sophisticated' outlook, but torn between two lifestyles. 'Sheikh Andu', wildly romantic, took society by storm with its boldness in depicting the love story of a young Muslim driver and the lady of the rich household where he worked. These were first serialised in 'Prabasi' edited by Ramananda Chatterji, causing much eyebrow-raising among society ladies. Jyotirmoyee Devi smiles and says, "These magazines were a great help. I remember how 'Prabasi' and 'Bichitra' had made it a policy never to reject any writing by women! My first story was published in 'Prabasi' written when my eldest daughter died at the age of 20."

Speaking of 'purdah', Jyotirmoyee Devi explains how this resulted in her 'home-based' literary vision, as compared to the more 'modern' approach of women writers of the Brahmo Samaj. "I first stepped out and met men writers on an equal level at Sahitya Sammelans after 1925. At Agra in 1931, I was elected representative of the women's branch of the literary conference, but here there was 'purdah' — no men were present at our literary discussions. In Santiniketan, I remember how I just about managed to touch Rabindranath's feet and then retreated quickly back into nonentity, unused to introducing myself as I then was."

Yet within these confines, Jyotirmoyee Devi's vision was modern. She communicated with progressive, independent women of her time such as Uma Gupta, a poet and a planchette intermediary who ran a hand-written little magazine, and the Muslim poet Sophia Khatoon. She read widely, and her permanent influences remained those early poems of Rabindranath read in Jaipur, Omar Khayyam translations, essays of Rajsekhar Basu. She treasures Rabindranath's appeal to Sharatchandra to write about "ordinary women, whom the world will never know." She feels that "just to please men, we women often don't tell the truth." I ask her how she would like women to write. "We must not imitate men writing. We must try to write as Draupadi, Yasodhara or Mandodari would have written, given the chance."

These ideals were held up to the public at a historic reception held in Calcutta by the University Women's Association in November 1972. Here, six pioneer women writers of Bengal were honoured, many together for the last time on a public stage. But of literary receptions, Jyotirmoyee Devi, one of those honoured, speaks out clearly "There can be no union between a stage and an audience, I am against the idea of grimly-seated garland-wearers. Literature is for union, for communication."

"You must visit me again, please," and she presents me with a set of books, signed delicately in a lacy hand. I quote, in faltering translation, from one of them, a favourite, to sum up the quietly striking, unnerving honesty that is Jyotirmoyee Devi —

SPHINX

Yes, we know we lie.
Because you cannot accept the truth.
And so we say, you are noble, generous.
You are brave.
And you believe us. (Do you?)
And you give us food to eat, clothes to wear. We live happily.
And we lie. We flatter and fawn.

Because we know you can become, all of a sudden,
Duhsasana, Indra, Ravana,
Or Timur the Lame, Nadir Shah.
And that Sultan (I forget the name)
Who brought the wife of a defeated sultan
Naked to the court,
To serve wine. Laughing like a maniac, he lifted cup to mouth.
And that other sultan died of shame. (People say, was it suicide?)
Even after so many years, reading of this, we turn to stone.
Still, taking God's name, we cannot speak out,
you are barbarous, barbarous.
Because you follow them. What if you hmiliate us.
And so, compassionate God made us liars, cheats.
Or, like that Sphinx of Egypt,
Silent observers of world history.

— from 'Chakrabal' (1972)

EMILY! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
THIS INSANE SPENDING HAS GOT TO STOP BEFORE WE END UP BANKRUPT!
YOU NEVER GIVE A THOUGHT TO THE FUTURE! YOU ACT LIKE MONEY GROWS ON TREES!
YOU'RE HEADSTRONG AND IRRESPONSIBLE! ALL YOU THINK OF IS SPEND, SPEND, SPEND!!
2-3
MAYBE YOU SHOULD RUN FOR CONGRESS -

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THAT'S A LAUGH!

"So you really think your memory is improving under treatment. You remember things now."

"Well, not exactly, but I have progressed so far that I can frequently remember that I have forgotten something, if I could only remember what it is."

* * *

"I'm glad to find you as you are," said the old friend. "Your great wealth hasn't changed you."

"Well," replied the candid millionaire, "It has changed me in one thing. I'm now 'eccentric' where I used to be impolite and 'delightfully witty' where I used to be rude."

* * *

"I'm sorry," said the diner who hoped to get away with it, "but I haven't any money to pay for that meal."

"That's all right," said the cashier, "we'll write your name on the wall and you can pay the next time you come in."

"Don't do that. Everyone who comes in will see it."

"Oh no. Your overcoat will be hanging over it."

* * *

"Why do you pull that wheelbarrow instead of pushing it, as you ought to?"

"Well, sir," was the answer, "I hate the sight of the blooming thing."

* * *

"Do you mean to say that Sandy is a famous after-dinner speaker?"

"Sure he is. He always manages to be speaking on the telephone when the waiter brings the bill."

* * *

The Irish have an unconscious sense of wit. Among the conditions of sale by an Irish auctioneer was the following: "The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more."

* * *

Evangelist: "Don't you want to come and labour in the Lord's vineyard?"

Mr. Shah: "No, I've got a fine job right now with an electrical company."

* * *

"What has become of Schmidt?"

"He went to America and has made a name for himself there."

"How?"

"Now he calls himself Smith."

* * *

"Hasn't Elsie got on a spiritual evening dress?"

"What do you mean, spiritual?"

"Well, there isn't much material in it."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

VINOD KHANNA:

HE MAY STILL RETURN

Vijaya Irani

To write him off as an actor would be short-sighted. Vinod the sanyasi may still return as Vinod the superb artiste

He is one of the most popular stars in the industry. Feroze Khan likes him immensely, Zeenat Aman thinks he is the most handsome man in films today and rates him among her best friends, Shabana Azmi used to say she thinks the world of him (these days one doesn't hear much from her anyway). And careerwise too he has hit the top — and then he drops this bomb! He's going to quit films!

On the surface, Vinod lacks nothing. He has everything a young man's heart could desire — professional success, personal popularity, wealth, health, a dominating personality, a devoted wife whom he had wooed and won when they were young and madly in love, two lovely little sons. And suddenly he wants something more, no, something else.

And what's this something else for which he is giving up everything the world holds dear? It is not even as if he is sick of the rat race that success in filmdom usually is, because he's never been in that kind of competition. He's always played fair, he's never used underhand means to advance his career. he's never given himself the airs of the superstar. Even during an interview, he doesn't hold forth on his films, he seems almost bored. and tries to go through it as if it was an infliction.

But that is the point really. Because to him. his career, his success, his material possessions, have lost all meaning. What he's really concerned about is to find out what life is all about, to find a meaning and a purpose, and for this he has sought the guidance of his guru — Rajneesh, and has decided that the world can wait while he finds the answer to his quest.

So he has taken recourse to "sanyas." And even when he has decided on this supreme surrender, he has played fair by his family, his wife and children. They will be looked after and will be able to continue the life style to which they are used. So he is not seeking light at the expense of his family.

And for his myriad fans, there is some heartening news. He is not giving it all up totally and finally. There might be a film or two, he says, he might want to do, and he is confident that he can walk back and get his "film or two." Predictably, there has been a subtle change in the attitude of certain film people since he announced his decision to leave. There is a certain coolness, an indifference, now towards him, whereas earlier, they used to fawn on him as the rising sun to whom they had to pay obeisance!

Vinod has noticed it. Being a little extra sensitive, perhaps he feels resentful, hurt. But he doesn't allow this to worry him.

His life seems to go smoothly on the surface, but there has to be a turmoil underneath. After all, a young man about to reach the peak in his profession, which offers such glittering prizes, does not take a decision to walk away from it all without a good deal of mental conflict. And it all began with two emotional shocks — the death of his mother to whom he was very attached, and then of an uncle.

Life seemed so irrational, so unpredictable, so utterly devoid of any dependable pattern. Being a serious young man, unwilling to accept facile and shallow answers to the questions troubling him, Vinod has tried to find them in the Rajnish Ashram. And it may not be long now for him to find the peace he is seeking.

Then, who knows? His Guru himself may desire him to make a film. And if he does, we can be sure it will be something worth waiting for. So to write off Vinod as an actor would be short-sighted. Vinod the sanyasi may still return as Vinod the superb artiste.

Photograph: Rakesh Shreshta

ASIAN CHILDREN: AFTER '79, WHAT?

For Asia, the just-ended International Year of the Child (IYC) has a special significance. The continent, peerless in its cultural antiquity, is probably the world's youngest by age: fully half its population of more than two billion is less than 15 years old. And, indeed, there were festivals galore to entertain and honour children as Asia enthusiastically celebrated IYC. But beyond the euphoric oratory, and a few symbolic gestures 1979 turned out to be another difficult year for most Asian youngsters.

Not least was the fact that three out of four of them lived in rural areas, far from the cities where most IYC events took place. Then again, over half could not read, and many lacked access to radio, television or films of any kind.

The past year also marked the 20th anniversary of the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of the Child, which affirms all children's entitlement to education, adequate nutrition and a healthy, caring environment. Yet most youngsters in the poorer Asian nations remain trapped in a vicious, self perpetuating cycle of poverty, ignorance, malnutrition and disease.

The problems were exacerbated by rampant global inflation, soaring oil prices, and continuing currency instability. The purchasing power of wage-earning parents has been sharply eroded, thus reducing their ability to care for their offspring. On top of that, Governments beset by foreign-exchange shortages find it increasingly hard to finance social services for the benefit of children. They were also badly hit by the growing unemployment that plagues much of the region.

For all that, IYC did have its positive side. Perhaps the most significant achievement was that it has generated plans and projects which will improve the lives, if not of today's youngsters, then certainly their children's. Most Asian countries set up national commissions for IYC, often under the patronage of the head of State or Government. These bodies helped Governments draw up both long-and short-term blueprints for action, review legislation and initiate studies on the conditions of children.

The tasks are formidable. Even excepting the mind-numbing plight of youngsters caught up in the tragedy of Indochina, life for the ordinary Asian child is an uphill struggle with the odds heavily stacked against his survival and achievement of a reasonably full life. Revealing indicators:

The average Asian child born in 1979 can expect to live for 58 years — if he survives the first few years of life. On an average, 105 of every 1,000 infants born alive die before their first birthday.

Most kids are born in rural areas without the help of any trained health personnel. Three-quarters of them grow up without access to health services or safe water.

Six out of ten children in the 6-11 age group start school, but this figure drops to three out of ten for those between 12 and 17.

A large number of children — an estimated 40 million under 15 — work on farms, in small factories or as domestic servants.

Asian nations are, quite obviously, at different levels of development and the average figures often hide the great disparity between countries and even between populations within countries. At one end of the scale is Japan, with a life expectancy of nearly 75 years, infant mortality at 10 per 1,000 live births, a literacy rate of 98 per cent and maternal mortality at just 0.5 per cent. At the other

end, countries like Afghanistan, Bhutan and Nepal have infant mortality rates of 200 per 1,000 live births, illiteracy figures of some 80 per cent, and a life expectancy of about 43 years.

What of the future? Most agree that it is uncertain, and many economic forecasters expect the situation to worsen. A region-wide agricultural survey issued recently by the Asian Development Bank (ADB) predicted increasing food deficits in several countries, deterioration in terms of trade and a worsening balance of payments by 1985. Though they improved the overall food supply, the abundant harvests of recent years have not offset the problem of hunger in Asia. Most Governments continue to face the dilemma of not just growing more food, but increasing people's ability to buy it.

South Korea, for example, has become self-sufficient in rice production, but UNICEF-supported studies have found that seven out of ten slum children in Seoul are still malnourished. In rice-exporting Thailand, more than 50 per cent of the populace is unable to afford an adequate diet. The paradox is best explained in a recent statement by the Director-General of the Indian Council of Medical Research. He told journalists that even if the 40-50 per cent of Indians who live below the poverty line spent 90 per cent of their income on food, they still could not afford a balanced diet. In Indonesia, a third of the population lives below the poverty line, in Nepal 40 per cent and in Bangaladesh, a horrifying 80 per cent.

An estimated half of Asian children suffer from some degree of malnutrition. In its severest form the affliction is fatal. In milder cases, it retards physical and mental growth and increases vulnerability to disease. A recent UNICEF report said that more than 50 per cent of Asian youngsters are predisposed to malnutrition and infection even **before** they are born. The under-feeding of women before and during pregnancy results in high infant mortality rates and low birth weights of children born to poor families.

Other major and persistent problems of underdevelopment which have the greatest impact on children are inadequate health facilities and poor environmental conditions. It is estimated that two to four of every ten people who die in Asia are infants in their first year of life. In Bangladesh, one in every four children dies before he reaches the age of five. Most of the fatalities can be averted by better nutrition, improved living conditions, clean water supply, sewerage treatment, and such preventive care as immunization and health education. According to the World Health Organization, less than 40 per cent of both urban and rural dwellers in several Asian countries have access to a safe water supply.

THE 1970s HAVE SEEN A SIGNIFICANT INCREASE IN THE CAPACITY OF MOST DEVELOPING COUNTRIES TO PREPARE AND CARRY OUT PROGRAMMES WHICH DIRECTLY IMPROVE CHILDREN'S LIVES. BUT THESE GAINS ARE BY NO MEANS SPREAD ALL OVER ASIA

Mehr Kamal

The overall situation, however, although unsatisfactory, is not hopeless. Some nations have made impressive gains in recent years. Burma, for one, cut its infant mortality rate from 149 per 1,000 in 1960 to 48 per 1,000 in 1976 and chalked up advances in education and nutrition. Sri Lanka has achieved a literacy rate of 85 per cent, and South Korea increased enrollment in school from 63 per cent in 1965 to 97 per cent eleven years later. Malaysia has also made comparable advance. The Indonesian Government has boosted sixfold its expenditure on education and health in 1976-78, while the Philippines IYC National Commission announced 145 new projects in health and nutrition, education, children's legal rights, labour and social services.

Development specialists are hopeful that progress will continue to be made in improving the lot of children. They point out that Asian countries are now redefining development goals beyond simple economic growth rates and towards a greater emphasis on the human dimension. As they see it, an encouraging feature of most new policies and programmes is the trend towards putting more responsibility for planning and managing projects at the local level. This is combined with a conscious effort to provide certain basic health and welfare services and improve economic opportunities for underserved populations. Most Asian nations are now committed to trying to achieve such ambitious but vital goals as "health care for all by 2000" and "clean water and sanitation for all by 1990."

In the field of nutrition, several Asian countries are switching from reliance on child feeding based on imported food grains to policies of hinterland development which attempt to mobilise under-used rural labour forces for income-raising and food-producing activities. One nation which has applied this approach on a large scale is Vietnam. Moves are also afoot among the ASEAN countries to cooperate in the promotion and processing of protein-rich food. More than that, the South-East Asian Five have adopted in principle the idea of having special food trade terms and have agreed to establish an ASEAN rice-reserve stock to help member countries in periods of critical shortage.

Progress, too, is being made in providing clean water supply. The tangible benefits of sanitary water are easily perceived in communities where women and children spend hours hauling dirty water over great distances. UNICEF reports that drinking water supply programmes are among the most popular forms of its co-operation with Asian countries. At the current pace, experts estimate that safe water is being made available to more than 15 million people a year in South Asia alone. UNICEF itself has almost doubled its world-wide expenditure on improved drinking water and sanitation from $27m. U.S. dollars in 1978 to $45m. last year.

Thanks largely to increased Government spending on education, more Asian children are now enrolled in primary schools than ever before. ADB figures for the region show that 79.6 per cent of youngsters are in primary schools and 31.2 per cent in secondary institutions. The average literacy rate has improved to 47.7 per cent. But these gains are by no means equally spread over Asia and neither is the education being provided always relevant to the needs of students.

The link between these efforts and their impact on the daily lives of Asia's children may not be immediately apparent. But the 1970s have seen a significant increase in the capacity of most developing countries to prepare and carry out programmes which directly improve children's lives. There are now more qualified people, stronger administrative structures and more institutions able to provide training and undertake problem oriented research than ever before.

It may be saddening to reflect that while so little has been achieved by so many, many more are still suffering. But in a world that is notably short of wisdom, the translation of collective hopes for the future — which children, above all, represent — into reality is perhaps most likely achieved by a breakthrough in some of the ventures launched in the International Year of the Child. Certainly, their success or failure can only be judged many years from now. But for Asia's children, the initiatives already under way may well have fostered a climate which will bring fulfilment to millions of young lives in the 1980s and beyond.

Abridged version reprinted with permission from "Asiaweek".

Courtesy: UNICEF Information Bulletin.

DESTINED FOR COMPLIMENTS...

Flatter yourself in the season's top favourites — jackets, tunics, tops and shirt-dresses that give you a classic elegance and an eye-catching style. Here is a selection of smart casual clothes designed by MRS. KAMLESH LAMBA of MA Creations, in which you can achieve the look and style you always wanted. These are styles you can mix and match endlessly for that sophisticated and super-smart look. Mrs. Lamb specially designs for Nagina and Khazana Boutiques, in th Taj Mahal Intercontinental Hotel, Bombay, and the Taj Mah Hotel, New Delhi, respectively. And, for those who are des tined for compliments, she has beautiful net sarees, delicatel embroidered for special occasions or for that special dat

1. Black and yellow net sarees embroidered at the pallav and skirt edge in beautiful filigree patterns. Sequins and beads add a touch of glitter to the sarees.

2. Look fresh and cool in summer in this pretty blue georgette dress with pleats at the yoke and quilted silk jacket to match.

3. This stylish outfit just shows how you can co-ordinate a dress with pyjamas and a reversible jacket. The look and feel are light and comfortable in georgette and crepe.

4. This suphisticated, slim-fitting pyjama looks smashing with the red polka dots, an overcoat worn over a red tube top; the white printed tunic top in crepe chiffon is matched with satin pyjamas in white.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

HEART TO HEART

Confide your personal problems to Dr. Mahinder Watsa, c/o Eve's Weekly. Dr. Watsa is a leading sex and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight

DON'T FEEL GUILTY

I am a girl of 19. In my school days I indulged in a bad habit which continued for three years. I am under constant tension. My parents are planning to get me married in a year or two. I cannot tell them anything. Whenever I read anything about sex, I get excited at once. Am I abnormal?

Presumably you are talking of masturbation, that is, achieving sexual satisfaction through self manipulation. Sexual urges become stronger from the age of 11-12 in girls. During this time the first menstruation occurs. Afraid of premarital sex, girls try to sublimate their desires in other ways — through some worthwhile activity; or negative attitudes like taking alcohols, drugs etc.; or when the urge becomes too strong, they achieve satisfaction through self touching of the genitals. No harm occurs, therefore, there is no reason to feel guilty or to develop strong anti-feelings towards sexual activity or be afraid of marriage.

Get a good book on the subject or consult some good friends who are knowledgeable and talk your problem over with them.

AFRAID OF MARRIAGE

HAVE A FRANK TALK WITH HIM

I got married in 1976 and since then I have stayed with my husband only for four months. He was abroad and had many girl friends. It is very difficult for me to understand him because he says he needs me, but he comes to me only to fulfil his sexual desire and that too once a week. He is 33 years old and I am 20. It is difficult for me to stay away from him. He never gives me any money while he spends lavishly. He believes that a wife is just meant for doing household chores.

There are many reasons for premarital sex and you should not hold this against your husband if he is faithful in marriage now. As regards the frequency of marital relations, it is obvious that at present your urges are stronger than his, or, are you suspicious that he goes elsewhere for sex.

As a young bride you are having a difficult time with a husband who seems to cling to old fashioned ideas regarding a wife's role. You have rightly decided to defer your decision to separate. I feel discussing your anxieties with him in a frank and friendly way will make him do some rethinking.

HUSBAND AVOIDS SEX

I am 25 and have no children. My husband avoids sex with me. He says that his penis is too short to meet the mouth of the womb; I enjoy sex when he discharges.

According to him the penis should be at least 5" long, whereas his is about 4" when erect, which does not reach and rub the mouth of my womb. Please suggest a treatment by which he could increase the length of his penis.

I answer this query to debunk the myth of the length of the penis. The art of love making which includes thoughtfulness, tenderness and skill, before sexual intercourse, leads to a happy relationship. Since only the first 2 to 2½ inches of the female vagina is rich in nerve supply (this includes the external genital organs and the clitoris), this is the part which imparts maximum sexual pleasure. Research has shown that the uterus becomes an abdominal organ during the phase of intercourse and it is very rare for the penis to touch the mouth of the womb.

WOMEN IN FOCUS

Dressed in immaculate white with a 'rudraksha mala' around her neck, Dr. Gitaben Shah, the managing head of Gita Mandir in Baroda, does not, however, claim to carry a halo of spirituality around her head.

This dynamic lady sitting alone in her office, looks every inch a firm and able executive. Dr. Shah controls simultaneously, the management of a higher secondary school, a general hospital-cum-physiotherapy centre and a printing press, comprising of a staff of 175 persons.

Born and educated in Ahmedabad, Gitaben later moved to Baroda for her post-graduate studies. She completed her M.A and B.Ed. degrees from M.S. University.

When Gitaben was barely ten years old, her father, Shri Chinubhai Shah, a zealous freedom fighter was murdered during the communal riots at Ahmedabad.

Soon after this tragic incident, Gitaben's mother Yogini Vasantdevi, who was very religious minded, turned to the path of spiritual study and social service, under the guidance of her guru Swami Vidyanandaji Maharaj.

After her mother's death in 70, Gitaben took over the management of Gita Mandir. Established in '42 by their guru, Gita Mandir has 13 branches all over India with its headquarters at Ahmedabad. Besides regular studies and courses on the Gita, the temple premises give shelter and employment to displaced and needy women. Gitaben conducts similar activities in the villages of Gujarat for the uplift of women.

GITABEN SHAH

SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY

Gitaben established Swami Vidyanandaji Vidyavihar, a higher secondary school within the premises of Gita Mandir, in '65. Today, the school has a capacity of 2,200 students.

Yogini Vasantdevi Hospital, established in '73, gives medical aid, free or at nominal charges, to people from the lower income groups particularly. Subsisting largely on public donations and funds, this hospital containing 60 beds has a panel of medical specialists rendering honorary services. The Physiotherapy Centre was added in '78 and the Cancer Detection Centre early this year. Regular cancer detection camps are held by honorary doctors.

Gitaben has always been involved in planning new projects for the betterment and uplift of the poor and the needy, especially women. Way back in '65 she had started free sewing classes for women, fortifying them with Tailoring diplomas to earn their own living. Her latest venture is the setting up of the Gita Shakti printing press exclusively for women, besides the already existing Gita Mudranalaya. 15 women have been selected as trainees. Preference is given to displaced and deserving women like widows and divorcees. With Gitaben's film backing, in due course they should be able to handle and run the press on their own.

Among Gitaben's future projects are a hostel for women, a sanatorium, and a library for a world collection of books written exclusively on the Gita.

Recently, the Rotary Club of Baroda felicitated Gitaben and presented her with a silver plaque for her laudable community services.

Kusum Gokarn

ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Introducing women in the art world, whose work contributes significantly to contemporary Indian art.

NALINI MALANI

THE WEB OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS

Nalini Malani is an articulate young artist who expresses herself with equal ease on the canvas. Her recent exhibition at Art Heritage, New Delhi has firmly established her as an artist of some significance, for in her present series she has successfully and quite tellingly portrayed the 'intricate web of human relationships.' At a time when a majority of artists concentrate on abstract paintings, on varied interpretations of nature, birds and animals, Nalini has chosen a topic that even the best and boldest of artists face with some timidity.

The complexity of human relationships is a confused snarl of emotions in actual life. To capture it lucidly on canvas requires a fund of patience, observation and insight into the frailties of the human heart. We can measure Nalini's success at this task by the emotion that comes through so powerfully in her pictures.

Strangely enough it was through science that Nalini's interest in art was aroused. As a student of biology she had to do dissections at the laboratory, and the close scrunity of veins, blood vessels and internal organs and the detailed drawings that followed, inspired the artistic rather than the scientific nature of her personality. The idea of "looking into things and painting it as it was" facinated her, and she joined the J. J. School of Art.

After her Diploma in '69 she joined the Visual Exchange workshop and learnt more of etching and film-making.

After this she left for Paris on a French Scholarship and learnt the proper method of etching and painting under Freidlander, a German teacher. She imbibed the richness of art in France and travelled to Italy and came back to India in 1972.

In '73 Nalini had a 'Woman' series show. Speaking about this in a conversation with Yashodara Dalmia, of "The Times of India" Nalini says "I was obsessed about achieving the 'correct' look of the person, the tilt of the head and the splay of the body. The woman was large and ominous. she was almost pinned down against her will, struggling to push herself upward and outward. The skin was stripped revealing a network of blood vessels and veins — the mouth emanating a soundless scream."

Nalini has also held many group shows in Bombay, New Dehli, Jaipur, Australia, Belgium and East European countries. She was one of the 'Two Indian Artists' shown at the Festival of Arts at Cagnes-sur-mer in France in '77. After four solo shows at Pandole Art Gallery, Bombay, the present one at New Delhi shows the transition from her involvement with the 'Woman' series to the series of 'Emotional feelings of Groups' and the 'Recollection Series'. Nalini feels that this is only the beginning of the series and there is very much more left to be depicted.

In the present series of Human relationships the same central character has been used in three different paintings each highlighting a different facet of his personality. In 'Business Partners' he is depicted as a slightly detached but powerful figure to be reckoned with, a master and a man of influence. In 'His Life (1)' and 'His Life (2)' the same character is much more vulnerable and weak, surrounded by the people with whom he is emotionally involved. Nalini has in a way 'fleshed out' her characters and given them a certain depth and sweep that one associates with characters in a novel.

Her first series of 'Woman' paintings led to the belief that she might be a feminist, which she feels is not quite correct. She is all for the independence of women but believes more in the freedom of the individual. She feels however that there has been a definite change in the attitude of the public towards the feminist movement. Whereas previously it was treated rather facetiously, now it is met with more respect and seriousness. It has come to be viewed in the broader perspective of a sociological movement.

Nalini's paintings are an eloquent commentary on the stress and strains of human relationships in the context of present day life, its limitations and possibilities.

Malati Jaikumar

LEFT : "His life (1)" RIGHT : "His life (2)"

PERSONAL CHOICE

POTATO PLEASERS

Want to be an impressive hostess — to look cool and relaxed when friends come in for an informal meal? MRS. RENU CHAWLA lifts this tatty image with some of her tempting potato pleasers — sauted, pureed and rolled into various preparations. A resident of Agra, Mrs. Chawla is a graduate from the Delhi University and further took a course in beauty culture. Fond of reading, gardening and out-door sports, her main interest is cooking and experimenting with various recipes. Potato chips are the most common and easily prepared. But there are so many other delicious ways of serving potatoes. Try these for a change.

HAWAIIAN POTATO SALAD

500 grams potatoes
2 slices pineapple
2 onions
3 tomatoes
1 cup mayonnaise
Salt to taste
1 capsicum
1 lemon

Boil the potatoes till tender. Peel and cube them. Add the mayonnaise to the potatoes and mix well. Cut the pineapple slices into half inch pieces. Add this to the potatoes. Chop one onion, one tomato and the capsicum finely. Mix it with potato mixture. Add lemon juice. Garnish with the remaining onion rings and tomato slices and hard boiled eggs.

POTATO CHOPS

500 grams potatoes
2 inch piece ginger, chopped
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. coriander powder
½ tsp. cummin seed powder
Salt to taste
½ tsp. garam masala
Ghee for frying
2 eggs
Bread crumbs
10 ice-cream sticks

Boil, peel and mash the potatoes. Add ginger, cummin seed and chilli powder, salt, coriander powder and garam masala. Mix well. Divide into ten equal portions.

Flatten each portion, dip in the beaten eggs and coat with bread crumbs. Deep fry in hot ghee till golden brown. Before serving, fix the sticks in the centre of the potato chop. Serve hot with tomato sauce or mint chutney.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

SHAHI ALU

500 grams potatoes
100 grams curds
½ tsp.. saffron
300 grams tomatoes
Ghee for frying
Salt to taste
Pepper to taste
2 green chillis
2" piece ginger
½ tsp. (optional) garam masala
½ tsp. coriander powder
50 grams cream
50 grams butter

Wash and peel the potatoes. Cut into half inch thick slices. Mix well the saffron and curd. Coat the potatoes with the curd mixture and fry till golden brown. Keep aside. Mash the tomatoes finely. Heat the butter in the pan. Add finely mashed tomatoes, green chillis, ginger, salt, pepper, coriander powder, garam masala and cook till the gravy is thick. Add the fried potatoes and cook again for five minutes. Add cream. Mix well. Serve hot.

STUFFED POTATOES

6 large size potatoes
2 tomatoes
2 onions
2 green chillis
5 flakes garlic
Butter for frying
½ tsp. pepper
200 grams cheese
1½ tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste
½ tsp. ginger ground
½ tsp. cinnamon ground
½ tsp. cloves ground

Mince the onions and green chillis finely. Crush the garlic. Saute the onions and chillis in the butter. Add finely chopped tomatoes, grated cheese, pepper, chilli powder, salt, ginger, garlic, cloves, cinnamon. Cook for two to three minutes. Meanwhile slice off the tops of the potatoes. Scoop out the inside leaving the jackets intact. Add the scooped portion to the above fried mixture. Dust each potato jacket with a little salt and let it stand upside down for a minute or two. Fill the potato jackets with the fried onion and potato mixture. Cover with tops and arrange the potatoes in a greased shallow oven-proof dish. Bake in the oven for about thirty minutes.

ALU-KI BHAJI

6 medium size potatoes
100 grams tomatoes
50 grams onions
8 flakes garlic
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric
2 tbsps. poppy seeds
2 tbsps charmagaz
Salt to taste
4" piece ginger
½ tsp. coriander powder
4 tbsps. ghee
4 cups water

Soak the charmagaz and poppy seeds in hot water for fifteen minutes. Meanwhile mince the onions, garlic and ginger separately. Heat ghee. Fry the onions till golden brown. Add ginger and garlic. Cook for another two minutes. Add the chopped tomatoes, salt, chilli powder, turmeric and coriander powder and cook for a minute or two stirring continuously. Add little water. Drain the charmagaz and poppy seeds and grind into a fine paste. Add this paste to the above mixture. Add water let it boil till the gravy is thick. Meanwhile peel, wash, cut potatoes into four. Fry them. Add to the gravy. Cover and cook for five minutes. Serve hot with parathas or puris.

ROYAL POTATOES

500 grams potatoes
250 grams peas
250 grams cauliflower
200 grams spaghetti
2 medium size apples
1 cup cheese, grated
1 cup cream
4 tbsps. butter
¾ tbsp. mustard powder
¼ tbsp. white mustard
2 cups milk
3 slices pineapple
10 spring onions
3 tbsps. wheat flour
4 tbsps. cashewnuts
3 cups water
½ cup bread crumbs

Boil the spaghetti. Drain under cold running water. Keep aside soaked in cold water. Peel the potatoes and shell the peas. Cut the cauliflower, potatoes, apples, pineapple, cashewnuts and spring onions. Boil the peas, potatoes and cauliflower, in milk and water. Fry the nuts in butter till light brown. Heat the remaining butter in a pan. Fry the onions till light brown. Mix flour in the boiled vegetables. Mix well. Add the boiled spaghetti, pineapple, apples, nuts and season to taste. Remove from the fire and mix with three quarters of grated cheese. Grease a baking dish. Put the mixture in the dish. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese and bread crumbs. Dot with butter and bake for about fifteen minutes.

BIRD'S NEST

500 grams potatoes
½ cup cheese
½ tbsp. salt
¼ tbsp. pepper
¼ tbsp. mustard powder
½ packet vermicelli
2 cups oil
2 bunches asparagus
2 bunches parsley

Boil the potatoes, peel and mash them. Mix the chopped asparagus leaves and parsley leaves. Season to taste. Divide the mixture into ten equal portions. Roll each ball into a pear shape. Sprinkle grated cheese. Break the vermicelli into small bits. Roll each potato ball in the vermicelli and deep fry till golden brown. Serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.

GALA HOLIDAY POTATOES

500 grams potatoes
1 egg, separated
200 grams boneless chicken
100 grams cheese
100 grams butter
Nutmeg to taste
50 grams milk
Salt to taste
White pepper to taste
100 grams prawns
100 grams liver
2 tomatoes
Fat for frying

Boil the potatoes in salted water till tender. Peel and mash them finely. Keep on slow fire, add butter, egg yolk, powdered nutmeg, salt and pepper. Mix well with a wooden spoon. Fry the chicken, prawns, liver and tomato slices together. Put the potato mixture in a greased baking dish. Put a layer of fried chicken, liver, prawns and tomato slices on top. Add grated cheese and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve with salad and sauce.

POTATO SURPRISE

5 medium potatoes
4 tbsps. ghee
50 grams cashewnuts
2 tbsps. coconut, grated
8 almonds (optional)
10 cups water
25 grams raisins
4" piece dry coconut
1 cup sugar
½ tsp. yellow edible colour
¾ cup walnuts

Wash and peel the potatoes. Grate them lengthwise into thin strips. Soak these strips in water for about forty minutes. Meanwhile, cut the dry coconut into thin long strips. Boil ten cups of water. Add colour and potatoes. Immediately remove the pan from the fire. Drain under running water for five minutes.

Heat ghee in a deep pan. Remove and put potatoes, sugar, nuts, raisins, almonds, walnuts, and coconut in layers. Place the pan on a slow fire, cover and cook till the potatoes are done. Cool. Before serving, garnish with grated coconut.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of June will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00

1) A non-stick coated 210 mm. Fry pan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES and,

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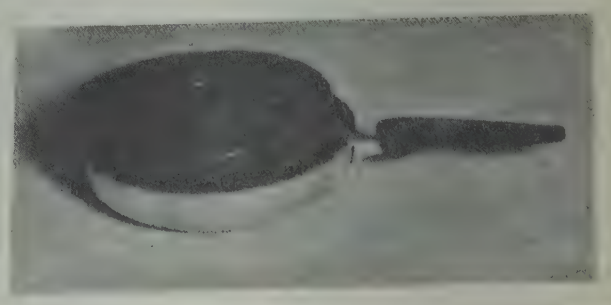

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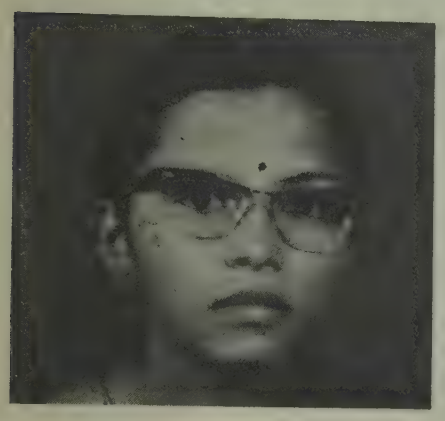
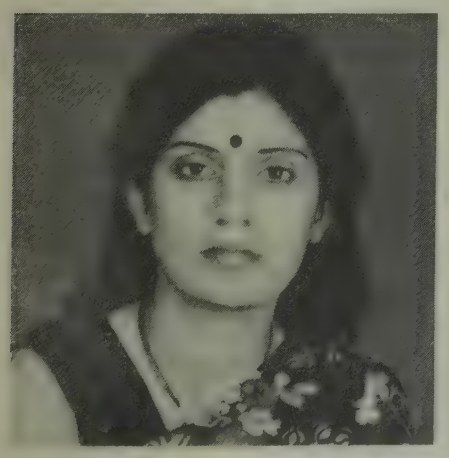


Miss Bhuvana Raman, Madras.

BEETROOT MORKUTTU

500 grams beetroot
1 cup thick curd
5 green chillis
1 cup coconut, grated
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. mustard seeds
2 tsps. coconut oil
Salt to taste
A few curry leaves

Wash and cut the beetroot into small pieces. Cook in enough water and salt till tender. Grind the coconut, green chillis and cummin into a fine paste. Mix the curd with the ground paste. Add this paste to the beetroot. Keep on a low fire and simmer for ten minutes. Heat oil, add mustard seeds and curry leaves. When they stop spluttering, pour over the beetroot kuttu. Serve hot with puri and rice.



Mrs. Madhu Kapadia, Bombay.

MASALA KHANDVI

FOR THE KHANDVI:

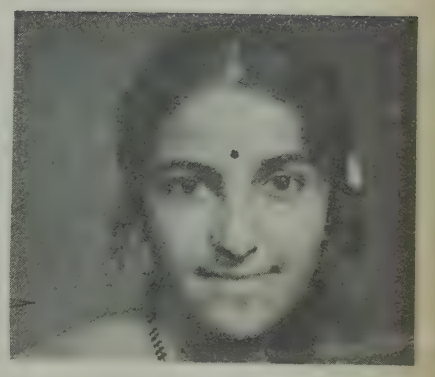
1 cup gram flour
2 cups thin butter milk
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. oil
1 tsp. mustard seeds
A pinch of asafoetida
1 tsp. sesame seeds
A pinch of turmeric
A pinch of chilli powder

FOR THE FILLING:

¼ kg. green peas
3 tbsps. coconut, grated
3 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
1 tbsp. green chilli paste
1 tbsp. oil
Salt to taste

Mix the gram flour and butter milk together. Add salt and a pinch of turmeric. Keep on fire and cook stirring continuously till it forms into a paste. Remove and quickly spread this mixture evenly on two greased thalis. Mix all the ingredients for the filling and spread over the gram flour mixture. Cut into thin long strips. Roll each strip into small rounds.

Heat oil. Add mustard, sesame seeds, asafoetida, turmeric and chilli powder. When they stop spluttering, pour over the rolls, and serve hot.



Mrs. Prabha Rao, Bombay.

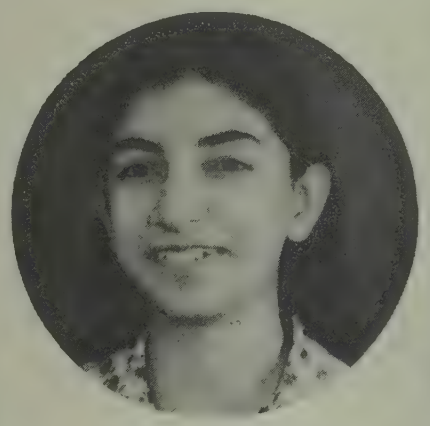
JACKFRUIT SEED UPPITU

50 jackfruit seeds
4/5 green chillis
1 lemon
¼ coconut, grated
Salt to taste
15/20 cashewnuts
3/4 tbsps. oil
½ tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. Bengal gram dal
½ tsp. black gram dal
1 tbsp. groundnuts
Coriander leaves, chopped
A pinch of sugar

Boil the seeds, peel and coarsely grind with chilli and salt without water. Heat oil. Add mustard seeds, black gram dal, Bengal gram dal, groundnuts and cashewnuts. When the mustard seeds begin to splutter, remove from the fire and add this to the coarsely ground seeds. Add a pinch of sugar to taste. Garnish with grated coconut and coriander leaves.

WEEKLY WINNER

MEERA KATHURIA, Hubli.



Miss Kathuria wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

KHOWSUEY

200 grams spaghetti or noodles
2 cups mixed vegetables, boiled
1 tbsp. gram flour
2 tomatoes, chopped
2 onions, chopped
2 coconuts
4 tbsps. oil
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE:

10/12 cloves garlic
2 tsps. coriander seeds
10 red chillis
A piece of ginger

FOR THE GARNISH:

100 grams gram (besan) sev
½ cup coriander leaves, chopped
2 onions, chopped
3 onions, sliced and fried
Juice of 3 lemons
Salt and chilli powder to taste

Boil the spaghetti till tender. Drain under cold running water. Leave aside. Grate the coconuts and extract six cups of milk. Heat oil and fry the onions for five minutes. Add the ground paste and fry for a few minutes. Add the tomatoes and stir well. Add the coconut milk extract along with the boiled vegetables, gram flour and salt. Allow the mixture to boil for twenty minutes.

TO SERVE:

Plunge the spaghetti once again in hot water, drain and remove onto a large serving dish. Pour the above gravy along with the vegetables on top. Sprinkle the sev, raw and fried onions and coriander leaves. Add lemon juice and sprinkle salt and chilli powder. Serve hot.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The auth of each selected entry wi be informed in advance a..d requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcemer is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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PEOPLE KNOWN AND

The Saudis are a touchy lot. A couple of years ago, when Princess Misha, with a broken marriage, fell in love with a commoner, it was frowned upon by the royal family. Her grandfather, a reportedly blood-thirsty man who had drowned some of his grandchildren in the royal swimming pool for minor misdemeanours, kept an eye on the princess and had her caught at the airport just as she was escaping the country in male attire. The traditional punishment for adultery is being stoned to death, but the will of tearful relatives prevailed. After being heavily doped, **Princess Misha** was shot dead, while her lover was beheaded, all in public. Recently, British television viewers watched a documentary of the same episode, called "Death of a Princess", with Egyptian actress **Suzanne Taleb** playing the lead role of Princess Misha. Angry Saudi Arabian officials flew into a frenzy, called it a misrepresentation of their culture, and diplomatic cross-fire was the order of the day. The U.S. is going ahead and showing the film on TV later this month, while other countries like Sweden, hungry for oil, have turned chicken and shelved the programme.

* * *

When **Vivien Leigh** wrote her autobiography, she broke many a romantic heart which had relived the love scenes between her and **Clark Gable** in "Gone With The Wind". Leigh revealed that the scenes were the most difficult to perform as Gable suffered from severe bad breath. Ah, well, all heroes have to fall from their pedestal one fine day. Now comes the news that **Sanjeev Kumar,** who plays Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in "Chehre Pe Chehra", had a special set of dentures (with fangs) flown in from Hollywood, made by **Mike Westmore,** who had made the masks for all the baddies of Hollywood. Alas, Sanjeev suffers from shifting gums (a fact unknown to his many lady loves) and the teeth wouldn't fit him!

* * *

While countless murky stories about the sexual flings of ministers' sons do the Delhi party circuit every year, few parents are as honest as ex-US President **Gerald Ford** and wife **Betty.** Their son **Steven,** 23, a blond good-looking, unmarried California college student is seeking to find out if he is the father of a three-month-old boy born to an occasional date called **Joi Malkin.** The former president immediately said that if proved that the child was fathered by Steven, "Betty and I as grandparents would of course be happy to have the child as one of our family".

* * *

If Princess Misha had to pay with her life because she was young and in love, **Penelope Arnot** had to lose her dignity. In the highly puritanical Saudi Arabian society, Englishwoman Arnot and her surgeon husband Richard served drinks at a party. While Dr. Arnot has been jailed by the authorities, Penelope is to receive 80 lashes. According to informed sources, the lashing is more to humiliate than to hurt. She will be allowed to wear some kind of clothing, the 80 strokes will take less than two minutes to administer and the cane will not be allowed to draw blood. Before we tut-tut about how barbaric the Saudis are, it's an interesting fact to remember that during the Arnots' drunken revelry, two people fell down to their deaths from the sixth floor of their home. Contrast this with a similar orgy held by a Yugoslav engineer some years ago in Colaba, Bombay, during which he threw a prostitute to her death from his balcony when dead drunk. The poor woman died a horrible death, but the man, being a foreign national, got away with a light sentence.

* * *

Kalanilayam Krishnan Nair, who died recently at the age of 65, was a giant on the Indian theatre scene. The owner of one of the largest theatre units in Asia, if not the world, Kalanilayam had more than 150 members many of whom have been connected with the unit for more than 40 years. The troupe excelled in staging mythological and historical plays with grand settings, and Krishnan Nair introduced many technical gimmicks on stage, including the famous Vistavision. He was the first to bring women on the stage in 1931, when men used to perform the female leads. This stage measured 70 feet by 100 feet, and held a hundred characters, a motor car and even a live elephant! Tamil stage actor **Manohar** is perhaps the only other thespian who has attempted anything on such a large scale, when he once had a live tiger on stage. Yet, Krishnan Nair was a simple soul, who, in spite of an amputated leg, personally supervised each and every aspect of stagecraft and ate and slept with his troupe on the grounds, instead of moving into a hotel.

UNKNOWN

Mohammed Ghouse Allah Baksh has become a 'Sanskrit mullah', in a never-before happening. After studying Sanskrit intensely for seven years, he has been appointed the headmaster of the Sri Jagadguru Sivachrya Sanskrit Patshala in Karnataka, with the blessings of all concerned, including the education department. Another conservative Hindu bastion which fell to a human plea was the Guruvayoor temple in Kerala. Normally, the temple does not allow non-Hindus to enter the temple precincts. But the offering of eggs made by a pious Muslim was gracefully accepted by the temple authorities recently.

Lakshmi Narayan

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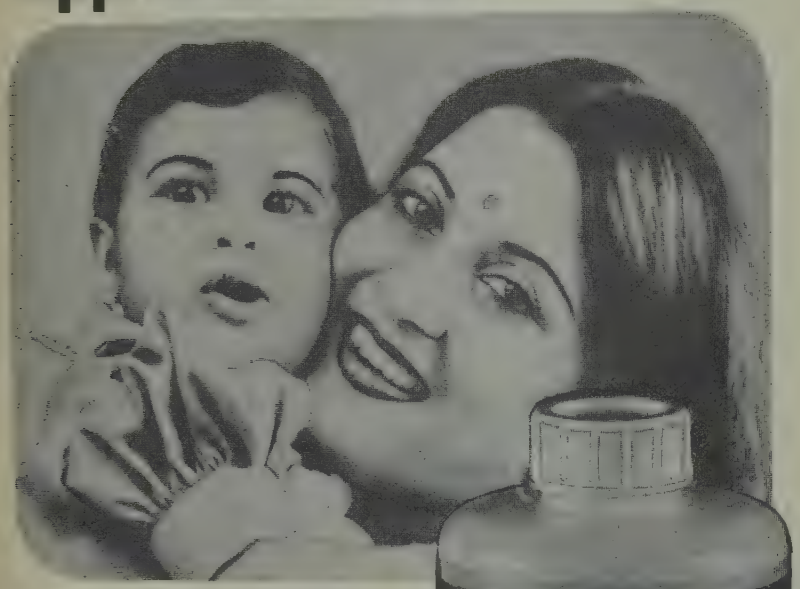

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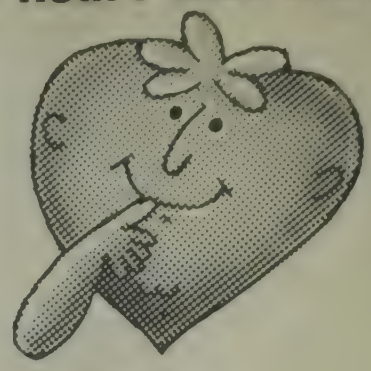

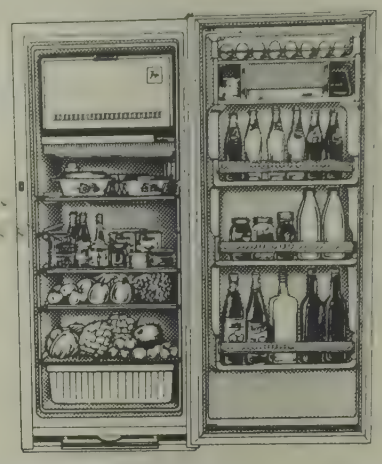

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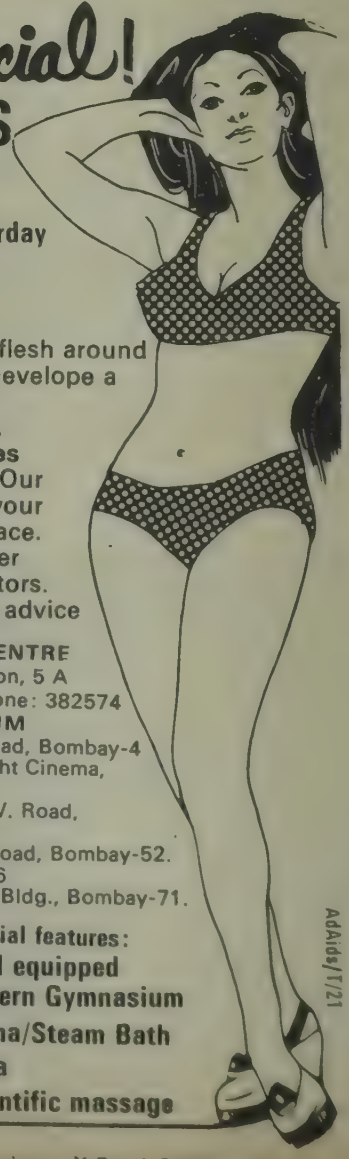

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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

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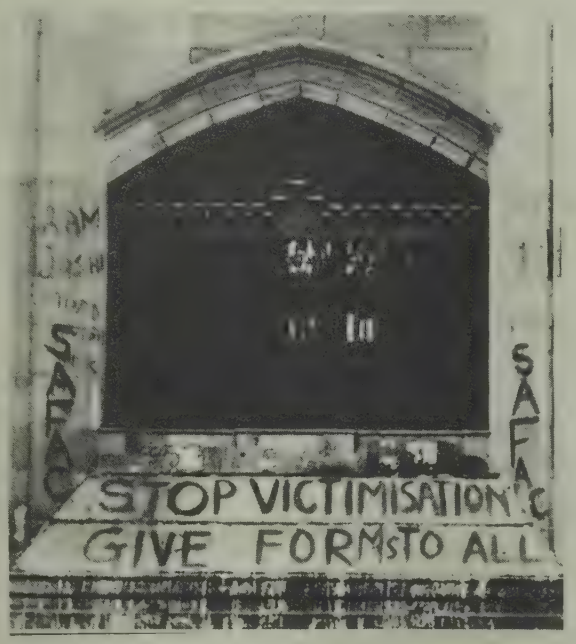
APPEARING FOR EXAMS: a legitimate right



SARMISTHA RAY discusses Bombay University's stand on compulsory attendance and the predicament of the students who have not been allowed to sit for their exams

April brought with it the rise in mercury in Bombay, and the fevered preparations for the University examinations. And then came a bombshell. Some students of three Bombay colleges — Sydenham, St. Xaviers, and Ruia were not being allowed to sit for their exams. On the grounds of poor attendance during the academic year.

Attendance, as a criteria for examinations, ceased to have any importance long ago. For the past six years the University has sent circulars stating that no student should be held back on account of his/her attendance or performance in the preliminary exams.

This year, no such circular was issued. Instead, colleges were notified that ordinances 119, 125, of the Bombay University were to come into force. The first says that all students will have to keep terms for 75 per cent of the year and the second states that terms have to be kept to the satisfaction of the Principal, with no other specifications.

Students have been extremely adversely affected by this. For one, no one anticipated that there would be such a change this year. Further, if the policy of the University had to change, should it not have been intimated to the students at the beginning of the academic year and not at the fag end when all activity has stopped? Otherwise, all students have a legitimate right to be allowed to sit for their exams.

What is most shocking, (and speaks very typically of Bombay University) is that throughout the year it has collected all term fees and at the time of filling in the examination forms, no college refused to take the exam fees. After all this, is the University planning to refund the money? As usual we are faced with the dichotomy in the functioning of the University which sets no criteria at the time of collection of fees but imposes rules at the commencement of examinations. A "dharna" was held on April 18 to protest against such arbitrariness. It was attended by around fifty students. A delegation of students from SAFAC met the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Ram Joshi, who said, that he had purposely not issued any circular this year and from next year he would be more "strict".

Not all colleges (thankfully) are following the University regulations very stringently, but what of the colleges that are?

In Sydenham after an initial "dhamki", 13 students of the B.Com course, who were being held back, were allowed to sit for the exams. They were told that they would not be readmitted next year, which was contrary to University rules which says that all students have to be necessarily given readmission every year. Once more we see paradoxes arising out of the situation.

Four M. Com students however, are not being allowed to sit for the exam. One of them said that before appearing in the prelims, the Principal had asked him to sign a bond, saying that if he did not do well in the prelims, his form could be withheld. He refused. At the time of collection of exam fees, his fees were collected. His form was sent to the University, but in the second week of April, the Principal wrote a letter to the Registrar seeking the withdrawal of his form. The student was not informed.

In St. Xaviers, things are much worse. After the Prelims a list was put up with the names of students who were going to be sent for the exams. Those students who were excluded were asked to make applications to the authorities, who would meet each student individually. According to the authorities a minimum of 20 per cent marks in the Terminal and Preliminary exams and a minimum of 66 per cent attendance was required of each student. It was also said that after interviewing each student, a final second list would be put up.

The authorities refused to meet all the students together. Instead, they held single interviews. At the interview students were told that it would be better if they left college, and they were asked to take courses in "cake-making", typewriting, short-hand, French, German etc.

Xaverites were vocal in their disapproval of this. One said, "I know for a fact that one of the students spent more than half of the year in Sweden and she is being sent in. Even she herself can hardly believe it!"

And yet there are students who have given in genuine medical certificates who are being debarred. One foreign student, who had been hospitalised in the first term said, "As you know, St. Xaviers College has been asking for autonomy for a long time. At present it's sacrificing some of us, so that it can get that autonomy. It is hardly fair." "Even the records are not accurate," chimed in another student, "We had to take our old test papers and prove to them that the entries were wrong."

A student of the college has filed a case in the High Court challenging the college's right to debar 100 odd students, from sitting for the exams. Already 15 students of TYBA have missed their exams because they were informed only 2 days before their commencement when it was too late to take any action.

It seems rather unfortunate that students have now to wait for hours at the High Court, which they have been doing for tne past week, waiting for the case to come up. When queried, if the Principal took these decisions, single-handed and that no other member of the staff had any say in the matter, a Vice-Principal said, "No, no, these are the decisions of the University, we only implement them." Asked, why other colleges were not being so stringent, he shrugged, while a retired Vice-Principal said, "Why should we be bothered? Are you bothered what other women's husbands do?"

Well, one is rarely bothered what other women's husbands do. It is too trivial. But surely the fate of a hundred students is not trivial? And what about the fact that each and every student of Bombay University has been put into a precarious position by the extremely arbitrary conduct of the University which can make and break rules at any time as it pleases. What security does a student have, in an all ready insecure system where the "strict" Bombay University allows its supervisors to assist in copying during examinations?

These **are** things to bother about .....

Readers are invited to write in their views on the subject.

TO WOO A MOCKING-BIRD

Rumki Basu

IT flashed across the college like wildfire — the brief news item that had appeared in the morning papers: Miss Sulekha Bose, I.A.S., had been shot dead. Killed in ambush near Nayanpara in the tribal belt of Orissa. Inquiry ordered by the State Government, etc., etc.

There was an urgent summons from the Principal. I went. Dr. Roy was greatly agitated. He had reason to be. The news had come as a great shock to him. Sulekha had been one of his favourite students in her days in this college. I knew that, and I also knew why he had sent for me — for the usual function that follows the death of eminent ex-students of the college. I was right. There was to be a special assembly at 11.30. Two minutes' silence followed by a speech by Dr. Roy, followed by a speech by Dr. Surajit Mitra, member of staff. I was to recall the days we had spent together as contemporaries in this college nearly a decade ago.

I looked at my watch. 9.30. Two hours to go before my speech. When I entered the staff room, a discussion was going on. Dr. Chowdhury, lecturer in English, spotted me and beckoned me. "Come here first. We want to hear all about her. You were here at the time she was a student of this college, weren't you?"

"Just coming," I told them and ran. I ran to an empty tutorial room on the second floor. I went in and locked the door from inside so that nobody could disturb me.

I was bothered about the speech. What should I say? The usual rigmarole of all virtues. That she was brilliant. And talented. And dedicated. In short, she was just the type who would lay down her life for a noble cause. Which she had done of course. I must sell them that image — the image which the crowd in the assembly would be eagerly waiting to hear about. I must make them cry, it would be nice to see tears in their eyes. But was it even fair to her — the vibrant many-sided girl I had known — and loved?

How did Sulekha die? Who would tell me the details, I wondered. The papers had been very brief. Miss Bose had been in charge of a tribal district in Orissa. The district had been dacoit infested since the past few years. The tribals were the worst hit and in answer to their complaints the administration had declared war on the outlaws. Miss Bose had personally supervised the operations and in one such encounter with the decoits she had been shot along with two police officers. The latter had recovered, but she had succumbed to her injuries. A terse report and I had to be satisfied with that.

Sulekha had been at college with me, though we weren't in the same class. She had taken History while I was in Economics. I first got to know her through the Music Club of the college of which we both were members. She sang well; in fact, she was the only classical singer in the Club then. She was aware of her talent and very proud of her superiority. Singers of classical music were always treated with a great deal of respect. My field was light music — the first day I sang in the club almost everyone congratulated me on my maiden venture. I was surrounded by students and even lecturers telling me how good I was.

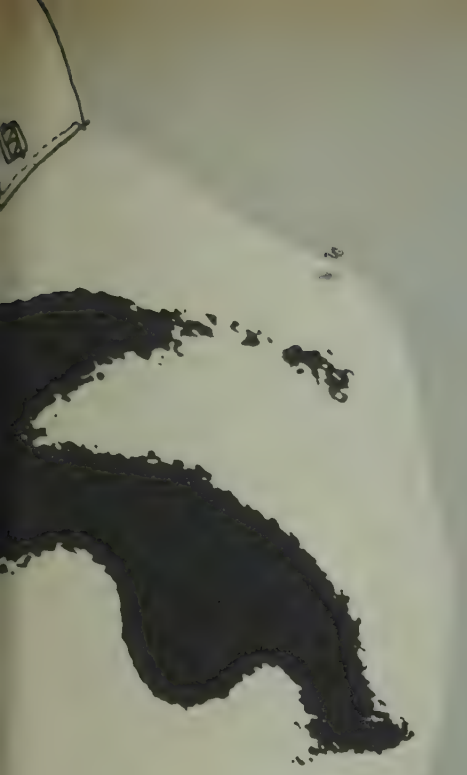
When everybody had left, Sulekha came and told me, You were just O.K. You'll have to improve vastly if you want to take up music seriously."

Take music seriously? I had never dreamt of being a professional. But I listened to her with mixed feelings. Who says we like frank assessments? I knew she was right, but I didn't want to hear her say so. Nobody does.

There were several other encounters after that. She was an active secretary of the History Association; she spoke well and was consistently winning laurels on the academic side. But her reputation rested on an entirely different basis. It was her frankness, her habit of calling a spade a spade that attracted attention — and a grudging respect. There were lots of others who did it, but one could sense that it was a pose to attract notice. Sulekha genuinely didn't bother about others' opinions — what they thought and said of her. I have never seen a person so wholly self-sufficient, self-assured.

The first assault came at the Students' Union meeting she had casually attended just to see what the deliberations were like. The office-bearers were eager to enlist her support, but she refused to take any part. She had no interest in politics; in fact, she had a positive aversion to it. Fiery speeches were made. I was one of the speakers. Of course, nothing very original was said.

We were all anti-establishment, independence had given us nothing, democracy was a sham, and finally, we all agreed that revolution was inevitable, just



around the corner. The darkness would give way to a new dawn. By the time the speeches were halfway through, she was gone. She told me later, "I was tired of the verbal gymastics; besides, who wants to see the living caricatures...

"Of whom?" I had asked, my anger mounting.

"Why, Lenin, Mao and Castro, I suppose." She laughed as she said this and the contempt was unmistakable.

Then one day I had gone to attend a lecture by Dr. Parimal Srivastava, the eminent historian, in the College auditorium. Sulekha came and sat next to me. The lecture began. He was talking on Hinduism and its role in Indian history. He dealt at length with the glorious role of womenhood in our scriptures. Hindu religious practices and other aspects of Hindu society, finally ending with the present day attraction of Hinduism for the West. I had been so immersed in the talk that I did not notice that Sulekha had walked away.

Later I met her at the canteen. "Why did you walk out?" I asked. "Couldn't stand the peurile lies he was dishing out. Did you hear what he was saying? Hindu society had a long tradition of libralism, women occupied a unique position in our society... blah, blah. Absolute nonsense! I can never tolerate these self-proclaimed interpreters of our history. I've never felt the need to justify my religion and culture, why should I?"

A boy in her class had wanted to see a few of her tutorials. "May I have a glance at them?" he had asked. She had replied at once, "Don't you know we are rivals? We both are appearing for the same exam. How can I give you my notes and spoil my chances of doing better than you? That would be stupid." The boy had left wondering whether he had ever heard a more direct way of saying "No!"

And all the time the rest of us went on talking of the Revolution — that special brand which originates, grows and withers in the canteens of the innumerable colleges of the city — the idea which, like Cleopatra's face, had launched a thousand minds on the only romantic vision of our time. What else was worth spilling one's blood for? We had to carry on the Cause.

Sulekha never joined these discussions — on principle, she said. Our vocabulary was as limited as our ideas those days. She was immediately branded a reactionary. Her attitude on hearing this was one of infinite amusement. It made me thoroughly unconfortable ,and strangely enough, put me on the defensive. I did not understand why I felt the need to justify my politics, but I wonder whether she ever listened.

"Revolution is a habit," she told me, "that dies hard." I had retaliated by saying something sharp. I don't remember now. Her lips had curved into a derisive smile, and she said, "I refuse to believe that revolution is a panacea for all evils."

She had meant to end the discussion I suppose, but I wanted to justify my position. So I had put forward the same old argument of means and ends, but she wouldn't buy it.

I GASPED AT THE FRANKNESS OF HER OFFER AND AT THE CHALLENGE IT HELD. BUT I DISMISSED IT AS TOO COMMERCIAL AND DID NOT GO TO SEE HER OFF THE DAY SHE LEFT THE CITY

"Not all our problems are political, and there is a vast reservoir of solutions without a revolution. We must learn the Japanese way," and with an imperious nod she dismissed the discussion, as if it was a big waste of time. But I had been unrelenting. I had pursued the discussion on a different level.

"What does one live for then?" I had asked.

"Why, success, of course. What a thing to ask!" she had replied looking genuinely surprised.

"Is that the yardstick for measuring everything?" I had asked in a very superior tone.

"I definitely think so," she had replied with no effort at compromise. "What else is there to measure anyone's worth by? Everything boils down to that — one's success. Who would have talked of Mao or Lenin if they had been unsuccessful? And that is why I laugh at you. I know you won't make any revolution, yet the self-deception goes on."

I flattered myself that Sulekha had more time for me than others. I even believed that all her scorn at my views were a pretence, that she really liked me. So one day I ventured on the personal note. "Have you ever been in love?" A well-worn cliche but there was no other way of broaching the subject.

She looked startled, eyed me curiously and was probably going to laugh — but changed her mind. She thought for a second, then said quietly, "It's difficult to transcend one's ego. At least I don't find it easy."

The message was clear enough — no time for others. But I didn't stop hoping. Dr. Roy had been Head of the Department of History then. He was sure Sulekha would go in for academics after post-graduation. He was in fact thinking of recommending her for a foreign scholarship. So she surprised everybody when she sat for the I.A.S. I asked her why she hadn't opted for teaching. Her sitting for the exam appeared a betrayal to me.

She had retorted with her usual lack of pretence. "What is so romantic about teaching third rate students in some third rate college? I don't want to stagnate. And I don't think I can particularly inspire the fresh young minds from schools. They'd want full blooded rhetoric, not the staid, cold facts and figures I'd tend to give them. Teaching is your line Surajit, you'll take to it like a fish takes to water."

But a teaching post hadn't been easy to get. Post-graduation saw me a chastened and disillusioned young man frantically job-hunting. The I.A.S. results came out six months later. Sulekha had been selected and she was leaving Calcutta. I don't know what kind of insanity possessed me then. I knew I'd probably never see her again, my hopes had crashed with her success. Yet I was deperate. I wanted to tell her just once that I loved her. Let her know that, at least, I thought. That would at least give me a permanent place in her thoughts. She would always remember me distinctly — apart from others.

She heard me in silence. She was definitely taken aback, but she carefully concealed her surprise. After a while she said, "Look Surajit, what are you now? Just nothing — you are a post-dated cheque. I couldn't cash it as of now. If there's one thing I hate it's unequal matches. I don't want you to suffer from a perpetual inferiority complex, don't wince, for that's the truth."

A slap couldn't have hit me harder where it hurt. With a parched throat and burning eyes I rose to go. She stopped me. "Just wait a minute, there's a silver lining, too."

I looked at her blankly. She laughed softly, then gently squeezed my arm.

"Look, that wasn't an insult. In fact, given the choice, I wouldn't mind you as a husband, but at present you just don't qualify..." Then suddenly, quite

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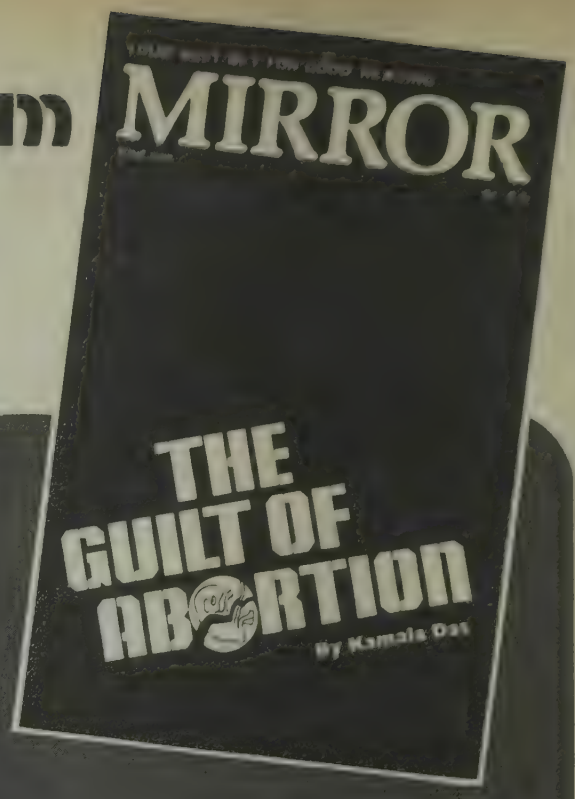

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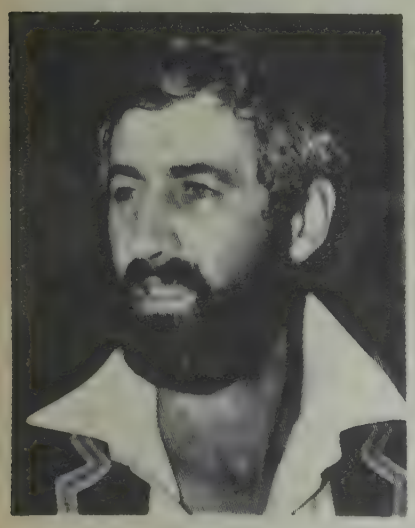

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Incentive

TO WOO A MOCKING-BIRD

unexpectedly, she had remarked, "It's a challenge. I'm asking you to accept it, Surajit. I'll be yours, but make me proud of you first — I don't mind waiting."

I had gasped at the frankness of her offer and at the challenge it held. But I dismissed it as too commercial. I did not go to see her off the day she left Calcutta.

I started working on my doctorate. Two years later quite unexpectedly there was this vacancy in our alma mater and I got in quite easily. The years passed in routine dullness. I completed my doctorate. The same year I heard Sulekha had been promoted as District Magistrate. We had never corresponded and were completely out of touch.

I had successfully taken up the hero's mantle in a teacher's garb — the champion of the CAUSE. It was very much kept alive in my classroom lectures. The students worshipped me. I wrote burning articles in leading newspapers on topics like "Authoritarian Trends in Indian Democracy," "Future of the Left In The Democratic Process," etc. campaigned for the Communist Party (Marxist) during the elections. I even published a book, "How Indian Plans Can Be Made Successful." There was no mention of revolution in this book. I had stated that we must adopt the best from both the socialist countries and the West. It got glowing reviews and I heard from reliable quarters that I would be promoted to the post of Reader soon.

And all the time I saw new batches of Coffee House revolutionaries treading the well worn path where the past, present and future generations met. The Bengal revolutionary tradition was being carried on successfully, I noted with satisfaction.

Sulekha had once come to Calcutta during this time and had tried to contact me, but I had deliberately proved elusive. Why I did that I still wonder. I loved her, there was no doubt of that and I had met her challenge too. I could afford to meet her as an equal. But something held me back. Pride? The desire to snub her? She had tried to meet me, but I didn't meet her, so I felt I was dealing with her from a position of strength. Of course I would meet her one day, but at a time of my own choosing

In the meantime, this news... devastating in its suddenness and finality. So I wouldn't meet her any more. What does one live for? Success of course. Sulekha had made it. In life, and now in death. It was great, dying a martyr in the line of duty. No doubt she'd been laughing over it. "Just think, Surajit, the posthumous glory — and all because I was merely doing my job. I died doing what I was supposed to do, what I was paid to do. Look at the fuss the world is making over it." Yes, she had that kind of sense of humour. She could never accept attributes she did not possess.

But I remembered the letter she had written six months back. A strange letter it was. Its contents were curt and brief and yet so unexpected that it did give me quite a jolt. I reproduce it below to show how even the most self-sufficient can need reassurance.

Dear Surajit,

It's just one of those days when I feel that either I open up and reach out to someone or just crack under the strain. I decided on the former and I couldn't think of anyone better than you.

Just what's eating me up now, you may wonder. To put it simply I am not so sure of myself as I have always been. You called me a "mocking bird" once, but I feel I am fast losing the attitude. It's strange, but I can't retain my wit and irony in this career I have chosen. It may sound pompous, but I have always been true to myself. I hated duplicity, and have liked people who are honest with themselves. And it's just this that makes the whole atmosphere in which I work so stinking and claustrophobic. There is just too much of compromise, too much of red tape that kills one's soul. I have never been a moralist, but I can't help sneering at myself. The burden is getting too heavy for me, and there is only one life to live. One doesn't change horses midstream, but I think I have to.

Sulekha

P.S. I am thinking of alternatives. How about freelance journalism? I'll let you know when I am ready to say quits. You needn't bother to reply.

That had been six months ago. Sulekha laughed through life and out of it. And she would laugh again — at my assembly speech. A cold shiver ran through me. I looked at my watch. Almost 11.30. I wouldn't let that happen. I wouldn't let her make a fool of me even after she had died. I wouldn't speak those solemn lies at the assembly — that would be her last joke on me.

I came out of the room, down the stairs to the ground floor, and finally strode out of the college gate on to the street. There will be lot of explaining to do tomorrow, lots of raised eye-brows to confront. No matter, at least I would have pleased her by my honesty for once.

Fight the summer heat coolly.

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CHILDREN LEARN AS THEY LIVE

If a child lives with encouragement,
he learns confidence.

If a child lives with praise,
he learns to appreciate.

If a child lives with fairness,
he learns justice.

If a child lives with security,
he learns to like himself.

If a child lives with approval,
he learns to like himself.

If a child lives with hostility,
he learns to fight.

If a child lives with shame,
he learns to feel guilty.

If a child lives with ridicule,
he learns to be shy.

If a child lives with tolerance,
he learns to be patient.

If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,
he learns to find love in the world.

Compiled by
Leena Chewdhary

the need to redefine HONESTY

Lakshmi Narayan

DO THE OLD STANDARDS OF HONESTY HOLD TRUE TODAY? ARE THEY PRACTICAL? DO CIRCUMSTANCES TODAY ALLOW US TO BE REALLY HONEST?

Fifteen years ago, when I was in school, one of the moral science lessons in the convent school I studied, stated: Are you an honest parent? The doorbell rings and you tell your child to answer 'Mummy isn't home', just because you don't want to be disturbed; later, you beat him when he's caught telling a lie. What credibility will you have in your child's eyes?" Either the author was extremely naive, or there genuinely was a time called the "good old days." Because today, if my only fear is telling a white lie in front of my child I would be more than happy. What frightens me is that while there are certain words and phrases I heard of only when I started working as a journalist in Bombay, my child is likely to grow up in an environment where by the age of two, he/she will be familiar with them — words like "pull," "influence," "lemon" and "black money." Will I then be responsible for bringing up an immoral human being or am I just being hypersensitive?

Last year, a discussion was held over the All India Radio on the day Charan Singh's budget was announced. It was a budget that financially raped the already harassed urban middle-class. A team of eminent business men took part in the discussion, at the end of which one person stated something to the effect that the common man would be forced to redefine his concept of honesty. What he was of course implying was that if people begun to dodge paying taxes, it would be because of the unreasonable tax structure, where a man is penalised if he dares to show initiative and be successful.

The Indian Express dated March 19, 1980, had an interesting front-page item. It appears that cricketer Sunil Gavaskar and film star Jaya Bhaduri were asked to appear for an interview when they sought admission for their kids in a school. When Jaya's turn came, the Principal reportedly asked her "Where's the father of the child?" She hesitatingly explained that the father was a film actor, busy at the studio. "If he has no time to come to the parents' interview, how on earth is he going to take all interest in the child's studies?" shot back the Principal pompously. Of course, the children did get admission but the point is that increasingly, schools want to palm off responsibility on the parents to educate the kid at home. How can an actor doing three shifts a day be expected to teach his child at home? And because of the parents' inability to do so, should a child be denied admission in a good school?

But there is a more sinister aspect to this — exhortion of what is euphemistically called "donation." The interview can be utilised to demand this and this is the real crux of the problem. Where does a salaried middle-class woman like me find the money for it? Cornered in a situation like this, we fall back on the famous middle-class ploy: influence. Who can blame us for the moral lapse of using "pull"?

All this may essentially be a middle-class salaried woman's point of view, but who can deny that ours has become a cynical generation, and if we constantly take the easy way out, it is because we are all feeling the pinch equally. What makes the situation worse is that we can defiantly ease a nagging conscience with the thought that right in front of our eyes, every day, powerful politicians and local dadas are getting away with everything short of murder, while we at least avoid any direct confrontation with the law, even if it's only because we are ruled by the time-honoured middle-class fear, "What will people say if I get caught?"

Which brings me to my favourite hobb horse, that evil called black money. A lawyer was telling me the other day that even in court, "black money" is freely discussed in legal proceedings. After all, the judges are also middle-class salaried men who have to face the world outside. Apparently, there was a case recently where a businessman was asked to pay a large amount to his wife as settlement of a property dispute. The man frankly told the judge that he couldn't afford to pay that amount in white, but was willing to pay 50 per cent of it in black. The judge reportedly agreed to the deal, although of course, it was not entered in the court records.

A journalist friend of mine wrote an article on the black money payments for flats from Colaba to Bandra. Next day, an income-tax officer questioned him closely to find out if he was telling the truth. And a friend in the enforcement directorate said to him: "Why are you writing such articles? You must understand the plight of the builder also. The poor fellow has to pay so much in black for the cement."

Granted the truth of this statement, but will the same enorcement official expend any sympathy on the poor salaried man who is forced to convert his hard earned white money into black to buy a poky two-roomed flat and face subsequent harassment from hostile and suspicious income tax men?

And how does one get water? A friend was telling me the other day that in certain posh areas in Bombay, many housing societies are paying a certain amount every month to some municipal corporation employees to get water in their taps. One such housing society, I believe, has an old Parsi gentleman as secretary who has refused to pay the bribe. The result is that the swanky flats in that building get water for half an hour twice a day! And the society members have already started murmering against the man being "too honest."

When the teleprinters broke down during a squall in the city's business district of Nariman Point last year, I clearly remember how the repairmen made it clear that unless they were paid for "chai paani" every time the cable got cut, they wouldn't bother to come to our office. Needless to say, the price for their "tea" was anywhere between Rs. 10 to Rs. 15! But before we tut tut righteously over this, we should remind ourselves of the unjust social structure in India. An ordinary constable with vast powers earns just about the same amount as your domestic servant and probably comes from the same social strata. Can you then blame him for trying to pad his income when the opportunity arises? Ditto for the man who comes to repair your phone. He lives in a dirty little hut while you crook your little finger to summon him to fix your phone in a nice big flat. So, in anger, jealousy and frustration, he uses what little power he has to get "rishwat" from you. India is full of petty tyrants extracting their pound of flesh.

Today it has reached a stage when anyone who gets a new job first asks the employer, "Can you restructure my salary so that I pay as little tax as possible?" Practically every salaried employee in Bombay has some kind of a side business going, either running a tempo van or a tutorial class in the evening. But this is usually registered under the wife's name. His grouse, legitimate or otherwise, is: "I work all day and I can barely feed my family. When my salary is already heavily taxed, why should I give up my extra earnings also to the government? After all, I'm not hoarding the money like business men and politicians. I'm spending it on my family for essential goods."

Right or wrong, who's to judge? Giving him lectures that 60 per cent of Indians live below the poverty line holds no water with him. His answer is that he is not responsible for their misery and in any case the situation was created and worsened by those who govern us, because they are selfish and corrupt. Today, the lesson we learnt in childhood about helping the poor has flown out of the window for the average middle-class family. Instead, it is replaced by the inescapable need to care only for oneself and one's family.

The individual definition of honesty is sometimes tragic-comic. My friend Usha said, "When we were newly married, we were terribly idealistic. We had applied for a domestic gas connection and were told it would take a minimum of five years to get one. But after a while when we saw others jump the queue and get even their second gas cylinder, we decided to join the mob, although with great reluctance. We used influence and got a connection within 15 days. The joke was that after 10 days we got yet another connection. My husband and I, already guilt ridden, returned it promptly. This was two years ago. Today, my husband and I are kicking ourselves for having been stupidly honest. "What I'd do now for a second gas connection!" So today we have reached a stage where we equate honesty with stupidity.

What is ethical takes on quaint colours in different eyes. Take my friend Sujatha for instance. One of the first things she and her husband did after their marriage was to buy a beautifully painted Herald with their savings. After two days, when the car refused to move, they took it to a mechanic who told them that the car had previously been involved in a serious accident.

"The engine was like a sieve and too late, we realized that we had been saddled with a lemon. My husband and I sat down on the pavement and wept. What a way to spend our very first savings together!"

Two days later, they managed to tell a convincing lie and sold the car to a stranger. **Stranger** is the operative word here. How often does one hear this phrase; "My car's for sale but I'm not selling it to a friend." The logic seems to be almost romantic in concept — friendship is sacred, but cheating a stranger is all right.

Another friend was horrified to find that all the papers shown to him in a cooperative housing society were false. Taking the society to court would have been a waste of time and money. So he promptly sold his flat to an unsuspecting party. Does he feel guilty? Far from it. He just mops his brow every time the incident is mentioned and says, "Thank God I got rid of the flat when I did."

Others who have not given in have paid for it dearly. A business men I know resisted giving bribes to the numerous petty inspectors when setting up his cosmetics factory and paid for his honesty by being harassed for years. Another man who owns a petrol bunk, was charged a huge telephone bill by Bombay Telephones long after his phone had been disconnected and removed from his premises. A small bribe would have settled the matter, but being a man of principle, he hired a lawyer and won the case in court. But his lawyer's fee amounted to more than what he owed Bombay Telephones. "I could spare the money but not the time," he admitted, and said that next time he might take the easy way out.

Last year, when my husband and I were travelling in the East, we were not allowed to get into a half-empty Assam Mail at Siliguri by the ticket collector, who said that the train was full. As we knew no one in that city who could help us out, we were forced to buy second class tickets, made to get into a first class compartment and then asked to pay not only the difference in price but also a sizeable bribe to the ticket collector. And in front of our eyes, just before the train left the station, the "loot" from several other hapless tourists like us was divided from the chief ticket collector downwards to the booking clerk. For those who are about to say that I am writing about a decadent capitalistic system, I would say with conviction that nowhere have I seen rampant corruption than in Marxist West Bengal.

Different people salve their consciences in different ways. My brother, with his strict upbringing, felt guilty whenever he won at the races or at cards. He would never bring the "tainted" money home, but would instead spend it with his friends at a movie or a hotel. Others gave large sums of money to a temple. This sense of lopsided ethics has its roots in impotent frustration. The small guy can't fight the big guy. The big fish, in middle-class ethics, always gets away. The name of the game is passing the buck. Because someone else cheated you and you cannot hit back at him, you cheat the next man in order to survive. Where will it all end?

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GRAIN STORAGE PROGRAMME FOR WOMEN

THE INTENSIVE TRAINING PROGRAMME HAS RESULTED IN GREATER AWARENESS OF THE NEED TO CURB AVOIDABLE FOOD-GRAIN DESTRUCTION, AND WOMEN, WHO PLAY A KEY MOTIVATIONAL ROLE, HAVE BEEN DRAWN INTO THE PROCESS OF CHANGE

Arun Chacko

Sixty miles from Madras, in the shadow of Kancheepuram's magnificent 7th century Pallava temples, a few simple innovations have gone a long way to reduce grain losses in a key rice growing region. The same goes for Sardhana near Delhi, better known for a Muslim adventuress who converted and built a magnicent Roman Catholic Cathedral now surrounded by prime wheat and sugarcane land. Eight other rural areas around India have made similar progress, thanks to the two year old UNICEF-assisted "Intensive Grain Storage Modernisation Project" (IGSMP).

Though figures vary, roughly 25 per cent of India's food grain production is lost to pests and moisture both in fields and during storage. So in 1965 the Government launched a "Save Grain Campaign" to educate, motivate and persuade farmers to adopt modern storage practices. While this will probably take more time to show results, the IGSMP is already doing so.

The intensive project undertakes education and motivation programmes by demonstrations and publicity in ten rural administrative blocks, subsidises metal bins for small and marginal farmers (owning up to four acres), improves indigenous facilities, and sets up pest control measures. This has undoubtedly resulted in greater awareness of the need to curb avoidable foodgrain destruction. More important, the multiplier effect — among neighbours, friends and relatives — has been considerable, and both men and women have been drawn into the process of change.

Twenty-one-year-old Sharada Lakshmi from Thiruppukushi (Kancheepuram) took the five-day course in scientific storage techniques held in her village last July. "There were six women among many men," she told me, all dressed up for Pongal, the January harvest festival. "The teaching was very good and everyone understood. It was especially useful for the control of moisture, rats and insects. I have introduced in my own house, what I learnt and cut losses by half. I have also demonstrated the benefits to my neighbours. 50 to 60 houses around us have followed suit. Friends and relatives from other villages who visited have done the same."

In nearby Muttavaka, 60-year-old Devyani Subramaniam proudly showed off the three-tonne capacity pest and moisture proof "pucca kothi" — a compartmentalised, polythene lined, cemented storage area costing about Rs. 900. Equally valuable, though much cheaper, was the adaptation of her traditional mud bin, now covered with brickwork and cement up to two feet. A liquid coaltar coating makes it moisture proof. The entire cost: Rs. 25.

However, the idea of talking to a strange male didn't appeal to Devyani; so she ordered her bright eyed daughter to stand in. "The storage structures are extremely beneficial because there is no damage by rats and insects," teenaged Vettrichelvi volunteered. "One 3 cc ampule of fumigant costing Rs. 1.25 is used for a quintal of paddy. This is both cheap and very effective in rural areas. So we're able to sleep much easier. The expenditure is certainly worth it."

Thus far roughly 10,000 farmers and 5,000 volunteers have been trained in scientific storage techniques under IGSMP. There have been demonstrations on disinfestation measures in houses and fields. However, the improved storage facilities programme for small and marginal farmers has several aspects.

About 5,000 subsidised metal bins were sold to farmers, and over 500 improved storage structures constructed by farmers with technical guidance and material assistance like metallic inlets and outlets, besides polythene sheets. Around 1,200 traditional storage structures were improved upon, making them pest and moisture proof with technical and material aid.

UNICEF assistance, which between 1979 and 1983 is expected to amount to Rs. 35 lakhs comes in the form of stipends for trainees, galvanised iron sheets for bins, paying for innovations on existing facilities or simple non-metallic structures, pesticides and publicity expenditure. If rural reactions in both North and South are any indication, the investment has paid rich dividends.

Nevertheless, a firsthand look at villages in both regions underscores the limited role of women in the storage programme. Large quantities of foodgrains are being handled. The Pradhan (Headman) of Juleda, Sardhana, put it this way: "Not many women choose to take the storage training course. They don't like the idea of sitting with men. Besides, foodgrain storage is a man's job. The women can't lift sacks of grain into high metal bins or 'pucca kothis'."

However, the women do play a key motivational role, and once their menfolk bring the idea home they get quite enthused about it. 50-year-old Javitri in Juleda was extremely reluctant about having her picture taken because she felt the status of her husband a former village councillor, might be affected. But she was full of praise for the new storage innovations. "Because the water table was high," she complained, "we used to lose over 10 per cent of our grain to moisture even as we used 'kucchha kothis' (uncemented storage areas) and mud bins. Rats and insects would also take their toil. Now we hardly lose anything."

Sardhana's and Kancheepuram's farmers seem to have taken to the metal bin in a big way. Those owning up to four acres are eligible for a 50 per cent subsidy split between the Government and UNICEF. As a result, a large number of houses use the new storage system, reducing grain losses to an insignificant amount. In Sardhana, even landless labour — the poorest of the poor — have acquired small metal bins. Though without land, they get paid in grain which they now carefully store and protect like any enlightened farmer.

However, an acute cement shortage is causing problems. Sixty-year-old Siyawati traditionally kept grain in sacks on the ground, or cordoned off in pits, with predictable results. Even though she wants to build a "pucca kothi" to store the harvest, and has received metal inlets and outlets from the authorities, she is unable to do so. Her "kothi" lies unfinished and for the moment her family is making do with a one-tonne capacity metal bin which they first saw in a neighbour's house.

A fact that becomes increasingly obvious is that while the "Intensive Grain Storage Modernisation Project" is important for greater awareness, general acceptance hinges to a considerable extent on the approval of the village Pradhan. As Mr. Hari Om Garg, who oversees the Sardhana programme, says, "You know, we can only function with the blessings of these people. If the Pradhan says our scheme is good and should be adopted, the way will immediately be cleared. If he opposes it, there is nothing we will be able to do". For the Government workers entrusted with the execution of the programme this is an important challenge. They are trying to meet it by enlisting the Headmen's cooperation in introducing the programme to the villagers.

Courtesy: UNICEF Feature Service

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

LIVING WITH PAIN

Dilip Patel

Propped up in a cushioned chair, neatly dressed, powdered and perfumed, Mrs. Ratna Sengupta greets visitors with the smile of a gracious hostess. But the two crutches beside her chair, reveal the fact that all is not well with Mrs. Sengupta. In fact, one can say her health is shattered. The charming smile hides an existence of perpetual pain. It pervades every fibre of her body, every joint, and all bodily movement cause spasms of agony. But her fortitude, her zest for life, her anxiety to put people at ease is such that her smile never appears forced.

Minus a kneecap, and one hip joint replaced by an artificial ball and socket arrangement, Mrs. Sengupta manages to move around the house using crutches. Chronic Rheumatoid Arthritis is the cause of this tragedy in the life of a woman who was blessed with every thing a woman's heart could desire — beauty, youth, a fine, loving husband, children, affluence. And it struck when she was only 22, just one year after her marriage.

Living in pain for the last twenty-two years now, every daybreak is heart break for Mrs. Sengupta. It heralds another day of useless existence for her. As a wife and mother she yearns to be up and busy preparing breakfast, helping her two daughters to get ready for school and college, seeing her husband off to the office, doing all the other hundred chores of a housewife. But no, she has to keep lying in the bed. Even sitting for a long time is difficult. Her movements are slow, painful and restricted. Even with the constant administration of Cortisone and pain killing drugs, the agony only abates, it is never totally absent.

One of the biggest misconceptions about Rheumatoid Arthritis is that it is exclusively a disease of the old, that it is a part of the ageing process. This leads the younger victims to ignore the initial symptoms of the disease as some temporary discomfort. And when it continues, even doctors are liable to make a wrong diagnosis which is really what happened in the case of Mrs. Sengupta. Perhaps, had the disease been diagnosed correctly in the initial stages, she would have been spared this tragedy. Early treatment can stop even if not cure, the disease from growing, causing deformities, and becoming a lifelong struggle with pain and disability. Homoeopathy claims that it can fully cure the disease.

People think that arthritis automatically condemns the victim to live life as a perpetual invalid with swollen joints, bent fingers. Actually, only 25 per cent of them develop deformities. Most of these are the ones who have ignored the disease in the beginning. Arthritis attacks and brings about pathological changes in a joint. In layman's language, it is the manifestation of deficiency of the "lubricating fluid" around joints in the body. For some reason the body does not produce this fluid in sufficient quantity. This causes the joints to become stiff and painful. Calcium starts getting deposited and deformities set in.

Arthritis is broadly classified as Rheumatoid and Osteo-Arthritis. The former more commonly attacks women in the age group of 20 to 40 years. The reasons for this are not known, but it is considered that malnutrition or emotional shock could be a predisposing factor.

Mrs. Sengupta was completely ignorant about this disease when it first attacked her when she was only 22 years old, 22 years ago. And tragically for her, when it first made its appearance, she had reasons to dismiss it as a minor mishap.

The young couple had gone to Gujarat on a pleasure trip soon after their marriage. While getting down from the boat at Okha, the plank gave way and Mrs. Sengupta fell down in the water along with the plank, and received an injury on her hip. When they were back at Asansol where her husband was working, the Okha episode was already forgotten. But soon after, she started feeling spasms of pain in her left hip joint after she had moved about a bit, but this did not cause any grave misgivings. Then when she went to visit her parents in summer that year In Pune her father, an Army doctor, took her to specalists. But after X-rays were taken the doctors diagnosed it as bone TB. This was confirmed by an orthopaedic surgeon in Calcutta after examining the X-rays. Thus was laid the groundwork for her shattered life — by the best doctors, only because they could not envisage a woman of her age becoming a victim of arthritis!

Her left leg, right down from her hip was put in plaster and she was immobilised for six months. A variety of antibiotics were administered. At the end of this period, she went back to Asansol. There her hip started troubling her again. At last, a Dr. Saha in Calcutta diagnosed it as rheumatoid arthritis, but by then the disease had taken firm root. Slowly the pain became more frequent and more severe. By now she had given birth to her two daughters — Keka and Kuhu.

In 1963, after Kuhu was born, and Mrs. Sengupta's condition became worse, Dr. Saha decided to remove her tonsils, suspecting that they were the sceptic foci in the body causing the arthritis. But this did not bring about any improvement. Desperate now, other schools of medicine were tried — acupuncture, homoeopathy — but fate proved inexorable. Her menses became irregular. So from Dhariwal, Punjab, where her husband had taken up a job, she was brought to Calcutta. Doctors discovered a tumour in her womb. They decided to excise it. Although the operation did not seem to be very difficult, on the operation bed doctors found many more tumours coming up. So the whole womb was removed.

Already her in-laws had become a little resentful of their son having to live with the lifelong burden of an invalid wife. Now they could not even hope that their only son would one day give them a precious grandson. She could sense their dismay but her husband stood by her loyally and showed only tenderness and deep concern for her, and this helped her to keep up a brave front.

But the arthritis showed no sign of improving. The pain became unbearable. One more change of job had brought the family

NO BLISS IN THESE MARRIAGE BEDS?

It's odd — or is it — how often the marriage bed figures in reasons for divorce. Certainly a wife has good reasons to suppose her hubby loves her no more when he erects a wooden "fence" down the middle of their bed. Worse still, the nails came out on her side — truly an adequate reason for the divorce granted pre-war to the wife of a Gloucester (U.S.) citizen.

Obviously a newly-wed wife has a right to a comfortable bridal bed. But a 16-year-old Ohio girl found she was expected to bed down in the back of her husband's car. She stuck it for a while, then sought a divorce.

What could a wife do whose husband trussed her up every night just before bedtime, leaving her to spend hours untying the knots before going to bed? But it became just too much when, one night, this New York wife found she was so securely tied up she had to lie on the kitchen floor all night, until her husband released her in the morning. In time, no doubt, to get his breakfast! She too, got her divorce.

Would any wife be happy to share the conjugal bed with a pet monkey? When a Boston (U.S.) husband bought one and took it to bed wrapped round his neck, the wife naturally objected strenuously, but stuck it for a year. Finally, she gave him an ultimatum: "Me or the monkey." He said it wasn't the monkey that was going to leave. So the wife left this bizarre marriage bed, sued for divorce, and got it on grounds of cruel and abusive treatment.

Would any normal wife, married to a Czech man who had been gassed twice in the first World War, be expected to suffer having to wear a gas-mask in bed in peace time just because he was wearing his, too? It happened in 1937 to a Prague wife, who stuck it out for six months before suing for divorce.

Some people say that twin beds keeps a marriage fresh, the couple having less opportunities to be in one another's way. But oddly, perhaps, twin beds are often blamed for the increase of divorce. Not so long ago a Taunton (Somerset) judge said, "The old double-bed has almost gone out of fashion, and that is partly the reason why there are now so many divorces." Seemingly, there is less bliss and hence more divorces, when couples sleep in twin beds.

Yet, against this, if in 1937 a certain French husband in Paris was sleeping in a twin bed, possibly he wouldn't have heard his young wife muttering in her sleep "Jacques, Jacques." As his name was Roger, he suspected an affair, and sued for a divorce. But his plea failed, for said the judges, her thinking of someone else in her sleep wasn't proof of infidelity!

On occasions, the reason given for wanting a divorce is so trivial that the judge is compelled to throw the case out. Such, for instance, as the reason given by a Minneapolis husband in 1948. He wanted a divorce simply because his wife took more than her share of the bedclothes. Twin beds might have solved this problem.

But far from trivial were the reasons why, in 1949, a 44-year-old Seattle man wanted to divorce his lovely 17-year-old wife whom he had just married. On their wedding night she refused to join him in the bridal bed, sitting up all night. Seemingly, she had three requests to make, three promises for him to keep, which, if granted, might in time entice her into his bed. The first request was that he would mortgage all his property and give her the deeds. The second was that he should insure himself for $12,000 and name her as the nominee. The third was that he should buy her a gun. At this point, no doubt, the husband began to wonder if she really loved him. He turned down all three suggestions. Next night he went hopefully to bed, but his young wife locked herself in the bathroom. Next day she took all her clothes and left him. Reasonably sure now that she didn't love him, he sued for — and was granted — a divorce!

Alan Kent

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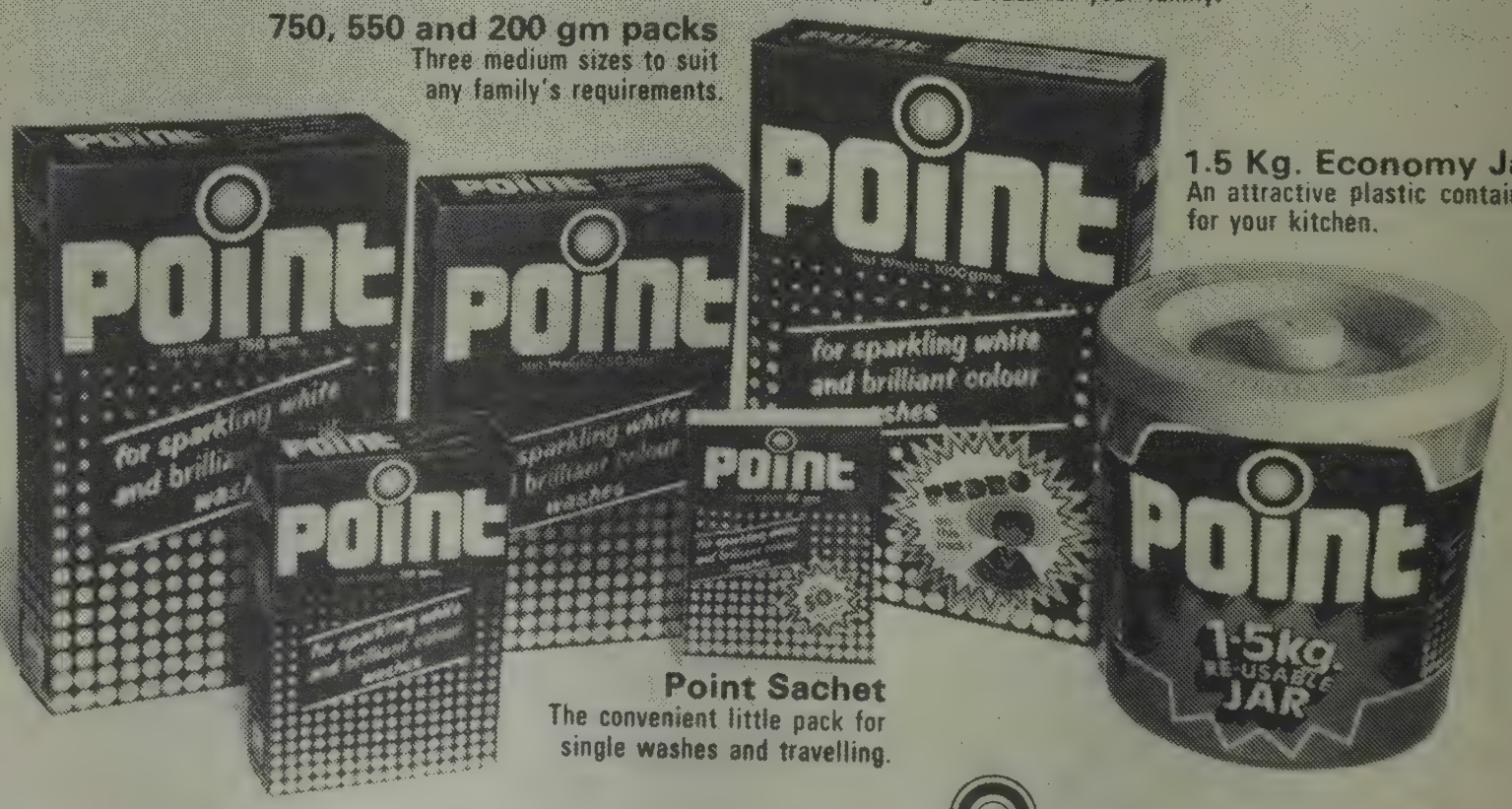

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LIVING WITH PAIN

to Ranchi, a cold and damp place. Now she needed very large doses of cortisone and often direct injections of hydrocortisone into the joints to abate the excruciating agony. The disease spread to the right knee and right hip and she was now a cripple. Six tablets of cortisone every day had become a part of her diet to keep herself barely mobile. She had to attend to the needs of her growing daughters, her sympathetic, understanding husband, and her orthodox mother-in-law who would not touch food cooked bv anyone other than her daughter-in-law. However, as the pain increased, her mother-in-law compromised, and a cook was engaged.

In 1970, the family once again moved to a new place — Bhilai. It was here that the doctors had to remove her right hip joint and put an artificial ball and socket mechanism in its place to relieve the pain. Next year, in 1974, her right knee cap was removed, making her leg permanently crippled. Now she could walk only with the help of crutches. But Mrs. Sengupta's mother and her husband's sisters did their best to see that her daughters did not lack care and all the attention they needed.

Today, living in Bangalore where they set up house three years ago, Mrs. Sengupta lives a life of fortitude and patience. The disease had spread further. Her fingers have started getting deformed and painful, so that she cannot do even the only task she had been capable of—needle-work. Her backache has started increasing. The constant administration of cortisone had had its side effects—diabetes and defective eye-sight. And now her left leg joint also may have to be removed.

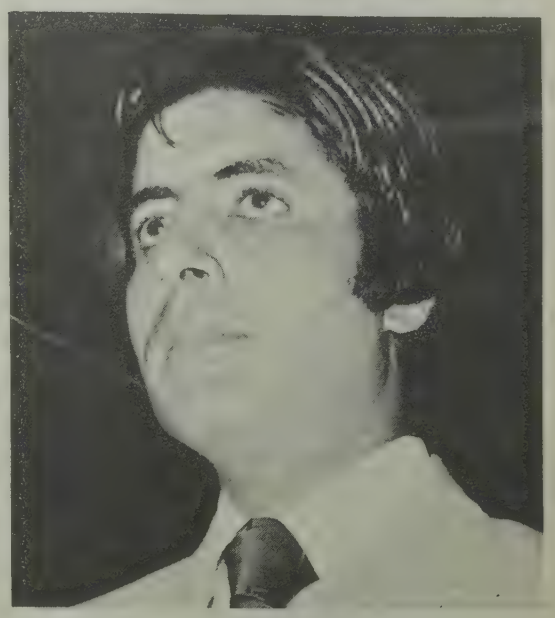
But she refuses to be a martyr, to cast a pall of gloom over those near and dear to her. Looking around for some occupation, she has of late started writing. And the heroic stoicism and resolute cheerfulness have won the love and admiration of her family, so that nobody looks upon her a depressing burden on the household.

Quiz No. 12 and Answers to Quiz No. 11 will be published in our next issue.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

AMITABH VS. CAMERAMEN



The photographer was on his way to the canteen. Three units were shooting at the Film City. To reach the canteen you have to cross a few trees, bushes, tall grass. Amitabh was sitting with a few people under a tree. He promptly got the photographer thrown out. "He is following me," wailed Amitabh to the producer. The poor photographer was more interested in a hot cup of tea with **khara** biscuits. But Amitabh sees the press and photographers even in a glass of water. He continued to abuse the photographers. At the "Burning Train" premiere, he threw them off the stage. They united over the fall and formed an instant union of Freelance Photographers.

The maiden decision, under the guidance of cameraman Umesh Vyas, was to boycott Amitabh. A good decision that will be easy to sustain since Amitabh no longer has the draw of hot **chai** with **khara** biscuits.

I feel Umesh should add another clause to the decision : Amitabh should allow cameramen to have tea, coffee, lunch, as well as the use of the toilet, without interference. Thank God it was tea, supposing the cameraman was on his way to release his kidneys? The poor guy would have burst his bladder.

* * *

Sunil Dutt, the newest goodwill man in filmdom, when he heard of this ban, said, "We artistes have our tensions." "That all our filmstars are artistes is a debatable point and if we presume that you all are artistes, do you think we are dhobis and that the cameraman, who has to run around on a tenner, attend a premiere, click your **thobda,** plus catch the last train, has no tensions?" I said. In fact, it is sad that we do not have a single photographer like the one who clicked Jackie Onassis swimming nude. Here they fail to click a Rekha or a Raakhee even with a **laddoo** in their mouth. In fact, the photographers wait for the stars to look presentable and collected, and then click.

Sunil came out with quite a few howlers that day. Like, he never befriended any journalists when he was a nobody, that he does not need the press, that he likes us for what we are etc. . .I believe him, since we all have lots of "something else" beyond the pen, but I thought it was the press that made him. Metres and metres of articles they used to write on him, telling us that Sunil Dutt was an Outsider, he was Lonely and Misunderstood, etc. And Sanju, when his first film is not even out, is a star churned out of a press machine. At the Mahurat of "Rocky" they had Sanju splashed all over the walls in giant-size blow-ups. Anyway, who is bothered, Sunil does not like us because we are press or photographers, but because we are we — like I suppose he likes me because I am plain, poor and poisonous.

* * *

And Nargis has befriended her son's rival's ex-fiancee — i.e. Rima Kapoor. At the spastic children's art exhibition, she, with daughter Anju, made a special effort to make Rima comfortable. Rima had accompanied uncle Shashi Kapoor (chief guest). This could be Nargis' first stint of politics before the Parliament session begins.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Sri Sathya Sai Seva Organisations have been conducting vocational guidance exhibitions for the last three years. This programme is attended by a large number of students, parents and educationalists. The exhibition is free of cost to all participants, students and visitors.

The aim of the course is to guide parents and students who are faced with the problem of career selection.

The 'Students Guidance Week' and exhibition will be held from May 31 to June 6 at C. I. Hall.

* * *

The 21st anniversary of the Indo-American Society was celebrated on the lawns of the Consulate General of USA at Bhulabhai Desai Road. Over 500 members and distinguished guests attended the function.

Mr. Nana Chudasama, President of the Society, welcomed the guests and referred to the various activities of the Society. He stated that the Society has now become the largest voluntary organisation in the country and has members from all over the country. On this occasion, Mr. Chudasama, also introduced the new Director of the U.S. International Communication Agency to the members.

The highlight of the evening was a fabulous fashion show presented by Golden Thimble featuring Nirlon, Raymond & Navsari mills.

* * *

The Alliance Francaise de Bombay inaugurated their first Philatelic exhibition at the Theosophy Hall, to commemorate the birth centenary of the famous French poet, Apollinaire.

The exhibition titled, "French Celebrities on Postage Stamps" depicted various French personalities such as writers, poets, actors, aviators, admirals, generals, scientists, inventors, explorers, historians, statesmen, Heroes of Resistance, medical personalities, sculptors, etc. . .

A special attractive commemorative cover, with Apollinaire's self-portrait, was brought out on the occasion, and the Post and Telegraph Dept. consented to provide a special cancellation for the same and also agreed to provide a postal booth at the premises on the opening day of the exhibition to sell postage stamps to the visitors.

* * *

Max Mueller Bhavan and the National Centre for Performing Arts held an exhibition of original works of six glass artists from Germany. The exhibition was held at the Jehangir Nicholson Museum of Modern Art (NCPA).

* * *

The Citizen's Action Group launched a crusade against spitting at Churchgate Station. The crusade was inaugurated by Dr. V.G. Shringi, Chairman of the Public Health Committee of BMC. Members of the CAG displayed attractive and educative playcards and cloth banners.

Mr. Bhanu Kamdar, Chief organiser of the "Keep Bombay Clean" welcomed the guests and informed the gathering that similar campaigns will be planned all over the city. Citizens are

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1. At an exhibition and sale of garments at Cymroza Art Gallery, Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. Kiron Modak, Mrs. Savita Parekh, Miss Suzette Coelho, Miss Rinette Coelho, Mrs. Kishori Arvind Parekh, who was the chief guest, and Mrs. Julia Coelho.

2. Emeralde Hair and Beauty Care-cum-School run by Marium Zaveri, a London qualified cosmetologist, (at left) had its first convocation in Bombay recently. Diplomas were given away by Mrs. Jaya Bachchan (centre) to successful students.

requested to come forward to stage campaigns in their areas and can contact: Citizen's Action Group, 453/57, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay — 2.

* * *

Students of the Chinai College of Commerce and Economics, and the children of Nityanand Nagar 4 at Andheri East, arranged an hour-long entertainment programme for the blind under the auspices of the Nutan Mahila Mandal and the Blind Men's Association, Bombay.

The students staged a skit in Gujarati authored by Mr. Mulraj Rajda. The other items were jokes and riddles narrated by the children and solved by the audience.

The show was repeated for the inmates of the Home for the Aged on the following day.

* * *

DELHI

The UNESCO Club of Performing Arts organised an exhibition of oil paintings by Bani Mahajan. The artist is also a renowned sitar player. The paintings titled, "Vision Eternal" dealt with the mystery of creation. Bani Mahajan hails from Kashmir, where she is a professor of music at the University of Jammu & Kashmir.

* * *

Aruna Sahni and Harshi Nanda celebrated the 15th anniversary of their boutique, "Fantasy" with a coffee get-together. 'Fantasy' is a name synonymous with exquisite nightwear. The collection of nightwear ranged from soft cottons to sheer polyster and nylon. The delicate embroidery in vivid combinations was greatly appreciated by the guests.

CALCUTTA

The Sadarang Sangit Samsad presented Kumari Priti in a Bharat Natyam recital at Kala Mandir. The chief guest was Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor of West Bengal. Kumari Priti's first appearance in Calcutta was greeted with acclaim. She has had her arangetram in Bombay last year. The show was ably compered by Mrs. K. A. Warrier and the vocal accompaniment was by Guru Govindaraja Pillai and Indubala Ganapathy.

* * *

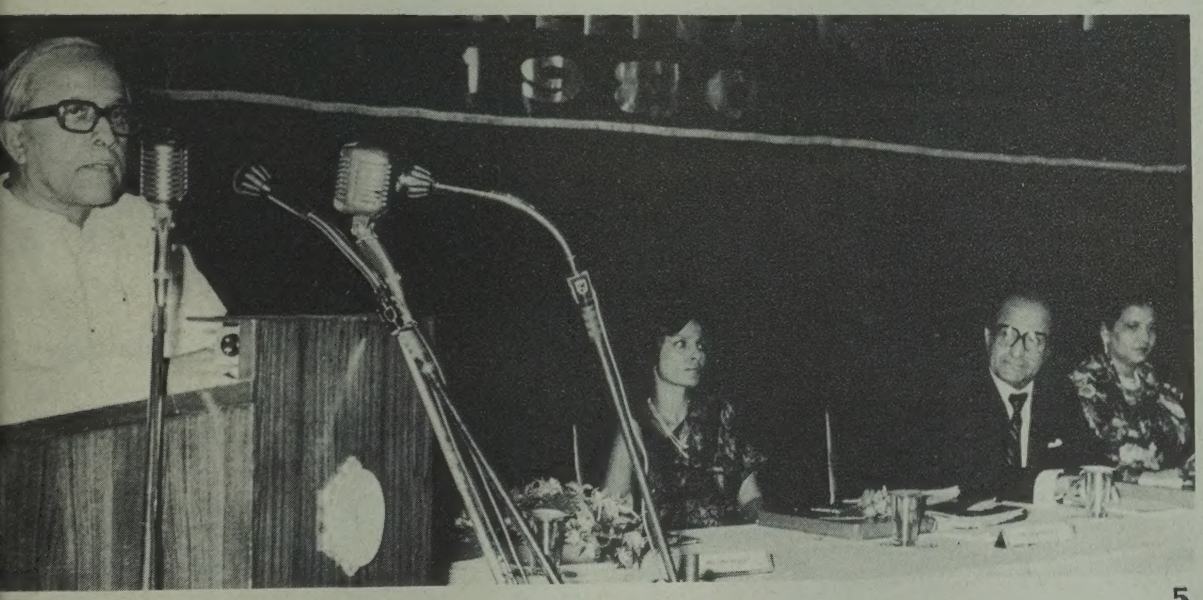
Mr. B. N. Nehru, Mr. Khushwant Singh, Mr. Nani Palkhivala and Mrs. Uma Vasudev addressed the seminar organised by the Ladies Study Group on four diverse subjects, all of them relevant to the present day problems. The Awardees were: Miss E. M. Catchick, in Sports, Dr. (Mrs.) Subha Mitter in Education, and Mrs. Manek Modi in Social Work. The seminar was inaugurated by the Chief Minister of West Bengal, Mr. Jyoti Basu.

* * *

The metal and glass fibre exhibition of sculptures by Debabrata Chakravarty was held at the British Paints Decor Service Gallery. The sculptures were in brass, aluminium and glass fibre.

AHMEDABAD

The President and members of the Lions Club of Digvijaynagar sponsored a painting exhibition of two young artists of Bombay, Jayshree Mainthia and Shirish Pathare, at Sanskar Kendra recently. Mr. Jaikrishna Harivallabhdas inaugurated the exhibition.



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3. At the 21st anniversary of the Indo-American Society are seen (from left) Mr. Nana Chudasama, Mr. Edgar Noel, Director of USICA, Mr. Edward Rosenthal, Consul-General, USA, Mrs. Veena J. Mehta, and Mr. Chandrakant Doshi.

4. The Governor of Gujarat, Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee (ext. right) inaugurated the SEWA Reception Centre and the TWARO (Textile Workers' Asian Regional Organisation) Women's seminar in Ahmedabad.

5. At a seminar organised by the Ladies Study Group in Calcutta, are seen (from left) Mr. Jyoti Basu, Chief Minister, West Bengal; Mrs. Nita Bhagat, Mr. N. A. Palkhivala, and Mrs. Prabha Goenka, President of the Group.

6. Dr. J. S. Suzukiwiez, Director, U. N. Information Centre, New Delhi, presents a bouquet to Bani Mahajan at her exhibition of paintings.

7. At Sonal Mansingh's dance recital held at Ravindra Bharathi, Hyderabad, are seen (from left) Mrs. S. Bhopal, Mr. V. Rao, Mrs. Sonal Mansingh, Mrs. V. Rao, Mr. A. Ahsan, and Miss A. Rao.

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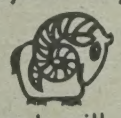
THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK JUNE 1 — 7, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

You have a delightful period to look forward to over the next 3/4 months, a time when romance will be in the air, when you'll be looking and feeling your best, and when your money luck will hold good. A splendid time to spend on your appearance, to buy minor luxuries and to entertain. If you fancy a change of job, get around — and set your sights high. Your personality will be an asset and people will be out to do you favours. Towards the end of 1980 a rather more struggling period will come into being. It might be that you neglect some of the more mundane issues of life between now and then and that these catch up on you when you least expect it! If health is going to give rise to problems, this will occur October/November 1980 and be partly due to nervous tension. Otherwise, vitality should be high and you'll take a greater interest in outdoor sporting activities. You'll make new conquests throughout the year; there will be much emphasis on social activity and romance — and luck through friendships. You'll probably do more travelling in 1980 than you do in 1981 when home affairs, business endeavours will absorb you — in a mainly enjoyable way.



ARIES
(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

A possible important meeting this week will work out well for you. Major changes are on the way over the next year or so; you will form fresh ambitions, and could completely change your way of life.

TAURUS
(Apr 21 — May 21)

Send off letters, make applications and inquiries, get out and about and make contact in fresh areas. There is luck in communication. A promising week if you are seeking better conditions, workwise, or fancy a change of some sort. Romance is favoured.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

A lively and amusing week socially. Let friends and relatives in on your plans and you'll receive a helping hand! Venus, re-entering your sign on the 5th is a splendid portent, bringing luck and affection for you.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Time spent in friendly communication won't be wasted — even in working life. The accent will be on travel, movement and change, and minor adjustments which take place will be much to your benefit.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

Important decisions taken in the recent past, possibly a fresh endeavour, should flourish and prosper in the months ahead. Your social popularity is high, so set out to have fun in pleasant company.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Fiery stars are bringing an adventurous mood, a dynamic phase in your activities. Don't be intimidated by the disappointments of the past two years. Some problems may linger on until September — especially if you were born after the 12th — but, in the main, your affairs should be swinging!

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

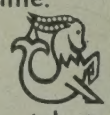
Good opportunities are on the way and a minor one could occur this week. It might be that a brief meeting will lead on to something very fortunate in the near future. Be generally alert to what is going on around you, to anything new that happens.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Some unexpected expenses are on the way and could be connected with a youngster or a hobby. See that accounts are up to date, that household equipment is in good condition. Other than these matters, your financial position looks rather bright now.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Fit in with the ideas of your partner and other people close to you. In business life, watch the image you create. Planets in opposition will make for minor difficulties; people will be hard to please for a time.

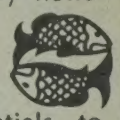


CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Minor disappointments shouldn't be taken too seriously, even if you get more than your fair share this week! In any case, you will tend to magnify problems, due to a depressed mood. Yet, be prepared for a busy period until August.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

The accent is on the lighter side of life and, as you have probably cut down on this area of your activities recently, make up for lost time! A romantic meeting could bring a new love affair, if single; there'll be unexpected gifts and compliments. Happy family news.



PISCES
(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

It's time to get down to the essentials, to organise skilfully and well ahead. Life will be strenuous, changeable and possibly harassing for a few weeks. A little brightness will enter into activities as June proceeds.

Workers earn it,
Spendthrifts burn it,
Bankers lend it,
Women spend it,
Forgers fake it,
Taxes take it,
Dying leave it,
Heirs receive it,
Thrifty save it,
Misers crave it,
Robbers seize it,
Rich increase it,
Gamblers lose it. . .
I could use it.

Richard Armour
(Bruce Humphries, Inc. U.S.A.)

When money speaks, the truth keeps silent.

Russian proverb

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT MONEY

Almost any man knows how to earn money, but not one in a million knows how to spend it. If he had known so much as this, he would never have earned it.

Henry David Thoreau

Life is short, and so is money.

Bertholt Brecht

Some men worship rank, some worship heroes, some worship power, some worship God, and over these ideals they dispute — but they all worship money.

Mark Twain

Money is the sinews of battle.

Francois Rabelais

Money you know will hide many faults.

Miguel de Cervantes

When reason rules, money is a blessing.

Publilius Syrus

There was a time when a fool and his money were soon parted, but now it happens to everybody.

Adlai Stevenson

Money, like dung, does no good till 'tis spread.

Thomas Fuller

David Gunston

Mama Volita is here!

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Volita Custard—so nutritious!
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Jelly... in 4 fruity flavours that say 'have more'!

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